New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Steel and the State

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Report from Kerala

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Gerald Nabarro: Profile with Vicky Drawing

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The Contagion of Violence

WE are a free country; we have the right to protest against outrages and to ask questions when they are suspected. This week the case of Guenther Podola is in everyone's mind. What are the undisputed facts? That Podola was arrested in his hotel room by a number of policemen; that he was taken to the police station, kept there for eight hours and then taken to hospital. He remained there under police guard for three days; a solicitor was not allowed to see him on the grounds that he was not in a fit condition to talk. He was taken to Chelsea police station (photographs hitherto forbidden by the police showed here a black eye) and there charged with murder on Monday. The timing was fortunate for the Home Secretary, who was able to parry the angry questions of MPs by pleading that discussion of Podola's treatment at the police station – or in the hotel room – might somehow prejudice his trial. For the same reason Mr Butler was unable to say anything of the reports that he sustained his apparently extensive injuries by knocking his head against the door which the police broke down in arresting him, and that in hospital he was handcuffed to his bed. He did, however, indignantly deny Mr Paget's statement that he had been 'beaten unconscious'. He even asserted that he was 'absolutely satisfied that this man was not beaten up *in the police station*' and that he had spent his time there 'resting in the surgeon's room'. Did Mr Butler mean that he was not beaten up *in the police station*, but in the room where he was arrested, and that he was still so weak eight hours later that he was taken out on a stretcher?

If suspicions are not completely stifled by Mr Butler's answers, and if, indeed, MPs of all parties seem to have been driven to fury by them, it was no doubt partly because a number of other recent incidents have spread the idea that the police have recently acquired the habit of beating up unpopular prisoners. Two policemen were convicted last week in Birmingham of an assault on a prisoner, and another was recently sent to prison in Scotland for a similar offence.

There have been other cases – the most shocking have occurred not in England, but in Cyprus and in parts of Africa where it is the Colonial Secretary who has direct responsibility. It seems clear that Mr Lennox-Boyd will have questions to answer about the alleged 'massacre plot' in Nyasaland – and about the treatment of those detained on this excuse – when the Devlin report is published at the end of this week. Nor are all the details yet published about the Hola incident in which it is admitted that 11 Africans were 'illegally' beaten to death, after the Colonial Secretary had refused any inquiry into numerous allegations about illegal brutality in British camps.

The relation of these facts to the behaviour of British police in this country is direct – for two reasons. The first is that there is a direct relation between the police in Britain and in the colonies. Some of our present policemen formerly served in Palestine and other trouble spots; some were paratroopers and commandos. Inspector Vibart, who is one of the officers engaged in the Podola case, was sent to Cyprus to advise the security forces on British police methods. The second reason is that the House of Commons has begun to realise that if brutality is permitted in the case of Africans, the contagion will inevitably spread to this country. This process has already happened in France, where steps are taken to harass the few newspapers and individuals who have the courage to protest against the officially admitted and regular use of torture.

The present Tory government persuades many people that it is liberal and well meaning. Two issues completely destroy this reputation; they are the scandals that have occurred under its administration in the police force and its betrayal of British subjects in Africa. It is the duty of the British public to bring it to book.

Comments on the Week's News

Krushchev's Call

It is for Mr Krushchev to make the next call in the complex bidding for the Summit. His decision to cancel the tour of Scandinavia may be due to purely local reasons – the refusal of the Swedes to take up his proposal of a Baltic nuclear-free zone, or the critical comments on the proposed tour that have appeared in both Norway and Sweden – or it may be to clear time for a Summit meeting in August. If it is the latter reason, then the bid for the Summit will be made in the course of Mr Nixon's visit to Moscow, which began this week. Mr Krushchev thinks Mr Nixon an important emissary – he recently told Mr Harriman that he regards Nixon as the next American president – and he clearly hopes to convince him that it would be worth Mr Eisenhower's time and trouble to go to the Summit this summer. But whatever Krushchev may hope, the President has already made plain his pessimism about Summit prospects – a view which must be confirmed by the renewed stalemate at Geneva. The week began with Mr Herter's proposal on behalf of the western powers that the foreign ministers should continue to meet at intervals for discussions about the German problem, and that meanwhile there should be no significant change in the Berlin position. But Mr Gromyko has bluntly rejected this suggestion, arguing as before that there must be an all-German committee to supervise relations between Bonn and Pankow, the discussions about reunification, and the drafting of a peace treaty. We are back, in short, at the old deadlock, and all that has been so far gained is the possibility that the Russians might for the present refrain from unilateral action in Berlin. There is not much here to make a viable agenda for a Summit meeting. The heads of state, however, could conceivably reach an agreement about nuclear tests. Indeed, the other Geneva talks, which have been dealing with inspection and control, continue to make slow progress – helped this week by a western concession which would increase the proportion of Russian nationals in control posts on Soviet territory. Everything, therefore, may depend on the Krushchev-Nixon meeting.

The Fortunes of Kassem

From the information available at mid-week it appeared that last week's rioting in Kirkuk had by the weekend once again been successfully put down by the Kassem administration. The facts, which are beginning to leak out through Beirut and Damascus after some days of censorship, are incomplete. But it is clear that there was violent street fighting, and that the total casualties were several hundred. The trouble, which broke out during the celebrations of the anniversary of the July revolution, seems to have originated between the Turcoman and Kurdish communities – the latter of which is heavily permeated by Communists and is reported to have taken the offensive. More significant, perhaps, are the reports that some army units when called upon to restore order took sides with the Kurdish rioters. Baghdad spokesmen have now acknowledged the disturbances; and General Kassem, personally threatening the ringleaders with severe penalties, declared last Sunday: 'I am capable of crushing anybody who opposes the sons of the people, because this is anarchy.' The ambivalent behaviour of the army is probably explained by a breakdown of discipline in some of the Kurdish units, encouraged by young Communist officers. If the situation is indeed now stable, Kassem may not regret the opportunity of taking further disciplinary action, on unimpeachable grounds, against the Communist fifth column in the army. He has already removed most of the known Communist sympathisers from the highest positions, but the garrisons in northern Iraq have remained centres of Communist intrigue and potential sedition. The Cairo press is proclaiming the approaching downfall of Kassem's regime – a line which conveniently harmonises with an exceptional propaganda build-up for President Nasser's own anniversary day this week. Only a fool would bet on Kassem's future, but it could well prove that last week's trouble – and the disciplinary action which will follow it – marks not the beginning of his downfall, but his final establishment in power.

Castro versus Washington

The manoeuvre by which Fidel Castro has secured both the resignation of President Urrutia and a demonstration of popular support for himself is an old device, used more than once by Peron in Argentina. The leader proves himself to be irreplaceable by resignation followed by well-organised demands for his return. But the disagreements between Castro and Urrutia are merely the surface symptoms of a deeper division of opinion in Cuba. Urrutia represented the middle and upper-class groups which opposed Batista, giving money and providing arms which eventually became available to Castro's army, though they were originally destined for more 'moderate' or right-wing rebels. These groups have never taken happily to the radicalism of the bearded men from the hills, partly because their aim has been the restoration of constitutional normality, partly because they find the Castro regime a haphazard series of improvisations. They dislike, for instance, the seizure of large estates by the Castro army, pending an agrarian reform, the tough tax policies and import restrictions, and the refusal of Castro and his closest colleagues to make a complete break with the Communists. It is on this point that they have turned to Washington for support. Major Diaz, the former air force commander, has been making sensational disclosures to a congressional committee after seeking asylum in the US, and it seems possible that Urrutia has had at least covert support from the Americans in his efforts to make Castro behave 'properly' – a conclusion that is supported by the almost open hostility towards Castro of the American press and of administration spokesmen. It seems that, from fear of Communism, the US is slowly becoming involved on one side of a class war in Cuba – an unhappy commitment which stems, in part, from Castro's own incompetent management of his relations with the US and his impetuous and undiscriminating nationalism.

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A Week at Hamburg

By all accounts Hugh Gaitskell has every reason to be satisfied with the reception given to his Non-nuclear Club at Hamburg. The Socialist International does not, of course, claim the right to dictate to member parties. None the less, most of the parties gave the plan a guarded welcome, and Fritz Erler for the Germans was enthusiastic. The Swedish delegate went so far as to say that, if a Non-nuclear Club were formed, the Social Democrats in Sweden, who are at present debating whether Sweden should make her own bomb, would almost certainly decide to join the club. The only opposition came, as expected, from the French Socialists, led by Jules Moch and Pineau. They came armed with a resolution passed by their own party congress a few days earlier. This ignored the Non-nuclear Club (although the idea had already been launched in Britain) and called instead for a two-year suspension of tests pending negotiations for a multilateral agreement on nuclear disarmament. If, at the end of that period, no agreement is reached, nations would regain their freedom of action. The resolution added a characteristically chauvinistic touch to the effect that France was not prepared to deny herself the most modern weapons as long as other nations had them – a line which Jules Moch has been faithfully plugging for some time in the disarmament talks on behalf of the French government. Hugh Gaitskell may be right in claiming that the French party's demand for a two-year moratorium on tests marks an advance on their previous attitude. Logically, of course, it should mean that Guy Mollet will now demand the postponement of the Sahara tests. A most improbable development.

Health Service Charges

The Labour Party and the British Medical Association, so rarely in accord, are on common ground as regards prescription charges. In the recent parliamentary debate on the National Health Service, the Opposition reaffirmed Labour's intention to abolish them, and at the annual representative meeting of the Association a few days later a motion to retain them except in cases of hardship was heavily defeated. The government, however, is not prepared to go so far. Although prescription charges are a failure, whether looked at as a source of revenue or as a deterrent to misuse of the service, they are to remain. The most the government will concede is that if a voluntary limitation on the amount of drugs on any one prescription could be agreed with the medical profession – as suggested by the Hinchliffe committee – and operated for two years, 'it might become expedient to consider the abolition of prescription charges.' Labour did right to take the opportunity provided by an otherwise featureless debate to make its position clear. The basic principles of the 1946 Act were that the service should be freely available to all and that it should be financed from public funds raised by taxation. Nothing has happened to alter the validity of these principles. The present charges are unjustifiable whether on moral or practical grounds, as to an even greater extent is the BMA's alternative scheme, strangely inconsistent with its attitude towards prescription charges, which envisages that the cost of the health services should be shared between the state, the patient and some form of insurance.

Police Troubles at Nottingham

The Nottingham Council's attempt to control the chief constable's enforcement of the criminal law will give point to recent parliamentary misgivings about the extent to which local police authorities can be said to be autonomous. The Home Office is traditionally disingenuous as to this, tending to disclaim control where an acceptance of its responsibility under the Police Act of 1919 might be an embarrassment. The fact that the government can withhold the 50 per cent grant from the Exchequer in the case of police authorities which fall short of approved standards of efficiency is in essence central police government in a form which could be as effective as the out-and-out state control that nobody really wants. To it must be added the Home Secretary's power virtually to dictate who shall be chief constable of a borough by withholding his approval of any candidate who is *persona non grata* in Whitehall. The Nottingham councillors have embarked, presumably with their eyes open, upon a battle which they cannot win. Their action can be no more than a gesture of protest.

The New DG

Mr Hugh Carleton Greene, who will take on his duties as the new Director General of the BBC at the end of this year, began his career as correspondent of the NEW STATESMAN and the *Daily Herald* in Munich in 1933. We well remember his visit to us as a shy young man just down from Oxford; he came with a request that he should try his hand at telling our readers what the Nazis were really like. Later he transferred to the *Daily Telegraph* and won fame by being thrown out of Germany because he fulfilled his promise. His appointment as Director General is a new departure in policy; instead of appointing a distinguished outsider the authorities have chosen a man who knows a great deal about broadcasting from a long period of efficient professional service. His appointment will be very popular inside the BBC, and we should like to wish him the good luck and the independence of mind that the holder of this post needs to enable him to resist the innumerable pressures and to withstand the criticisms that inevitably go with the job.

News From Our Own Correspondents

Canberra

Mr Menzies Returns

A Correspondent in Australia writes: Mr Menzies has returned after more than two months' absence abroad. He arrived back on the day that the Melbourne and Sydney Stock Exchanges, supported by big orders from London and New York, recorded the longest list of share price rises in their history. By now, Mr Menzies' friends and admirers take both his luck and superb timing for granted, and with good reason. His political opponents, on the other hand, have come to regard Mr Menzies' winning streak as too consistent to be quite natural.

The Labour Party has been pointing out in vain that Mr Menzies did nothing right abroad–even by his own declared expectations. He had promised repeatedly to 'whisper in Princess Margaret's ear' about an invitation to tour the Commonwealth. But, so far, the demonstrations of rapture in the press and among local collectors of royal handshakes have remained centred on the visit of Princess Alexandra next month. There are no signs that Princess Margaret heard Mr Menzies' whisper clearly, or, if she did, that she is particularly eager to submit to the punishment and boredom an Australian visit must inevitably entail for royalty.

From the purely Australian viewpoint, Mr Menzies' most telling setback abroad was the refusal of the International Bank to advance £22 m. for a re-laying of the Mount Isa railway to the port of Townsville. It is estimated that such a reconstruction would double the mine's output of copper and lead-zinc in a few years, bringing commensurate improvement to Australia's hard-pressed trade balance. The reluctance of the International Bank to advance a Mount Isa loan is directly related to the over-production of lead and zinc in the United States. There was plenty of political ammunition in this additional evidence of how rigidly the Australian economy appears to be tied to American controls and self-interest, but it failed to do much damage. Shut out by the press–TV monopolies from all mass media of communication, and with no newspaper of its own, the Labour Party has no way of exploiting even a direct hit.

Labour Party members rarely place the blame for ineffective opposition at their own door, where it largely belongs. Mr Menzies may have a good deal of luck, but it is the Labour Party's own weaknesses which prevent it from exploiting Mr Menzies' blatant gaffes and miscalculations. Now, for instance, there is a left-wing split over the issue of 'unity tickets' (where ALP and Communists appear on the same ticket at union elections), which threatens what remains of the Labour Party. It is the same left-wing group which once drove out the right-wingers who were seeking to defeat Dr Evatt. Today, Dr Evatt and Mr Calwell are denouncing unity tickets as vehemently as the right wing did formerly, thus risking a further loss which may reduce Labour to a party without any wings at all and precious little body.

Indeed, the Tory press – there is no other – has taken to using only the past tense in its 'objective' discussions of the Labour Party. The objectivity takes the form of advising the party that the only way it can again be a force in Australian politics is to cease being a Labour Party. Mr Menzies, of course, carries on as if the Labour Party had never even happened. From the moment he returned he began repeating the statements he made abroad about the need for summit talks and his conviction that they are the best means of improving relations between East and West. Mr Menzies has not, however, thrown out the slightest hint that what he is saying has been part of the Labour foreign policy platform for years, or that, not very long ago, he and his Liberal Party were branding all supporters of talks with 'the other side' as Communists, fellow-travellers or dupes. (It must be emphasised that Mr Menzies' new tolerance extends to Russians only. The Chinese remain as untouchable as they always have been – except as wool-buyers).

The development of one-party government in Australian federal politics, aided and abetted by a one-party press, is making it almost impossible for the ordinary Australian to learn what is really going on around him. He can read exciting news in the financial pages almost daily, but then he has to attempt to equate it with the reports, however tiny the space given to them may be, of growing unemployment. In 1956, there were 30,000 registered unemployed in Australia. Now there are upwards of 80,000, a figure which obviously does not reflect the actual number of unemployed at any given moment.

Thousands of men out of work do not register with the Commonwealth Unemployment Service until they are desperate. Quite shamelessly, government spokesmen and industrial writers for the daily press gloss over the growth in unemployment with cheery figures purporting to show an increase in total employment throughout the country. For instance, the bewildered labourer, who knows for a fact that several of his mates are anxiously looking for work, reads in the dailies of in a departmental handout that there has been an increase of 28,000 wage and salary earners in 1958. What he is not told is that these encouraging figures do not take into account that the population is increasing by more than 200,000 a year, and that much of the increase is not in babies, who can wait a while, but in adult migrants who need jobs, and need them quickly.

Paris

The Isolation of de Gaulle

Our Paris correspondent writes: 'The unforgettable 14 July', as the Gaullist press has called the celebrations this year, is already a thing of the past. Soon, perhaps in a few months, when the French make their first nuclear test, there will be a new outburst of propaganda about the 'greatness of Gaullist France'. But between these two celebrations, the French must go on living with the realities of daily life which are becoming more and more worrying. The authorities have prevented the publication of a public opinion poll initiated by the President of the Council, because the results showed that 75 per cent are in favour of negotiation with the FLN and that the popularity of the Debré government is falling sharply. All the same, de Gaulle personally is still held in high regard. Though the Prime Minister declares every day his complete solidarity with the President of the Republic, and de Gaulle in return asserts that he has complete confidence in his Prime Minister, the French draw a sharp distinction between the aloof prestige – the 'royal touch' – of de Gaulle and the violent fanaticism of Michel Debré. The Mollet Socialists, who have been having their Congress at Issy-les-Moulineaux, have helped to mark this distinction by declaring their opposition to the Debré government, while giving their support to General de Gaulle and his 'peaceful intentions' in Algeria.

Because the Mollet Socialists do not wish to embarrass de Gaulle, they decided to say nothing about French nuclear armament. Guy Mollet explained that he would not know what to do if he were President of the Council and he therefore asked his parties to say nothing on the subject. This may seem an equivocal attitude, but it is characteristic of the Mollet Socialists, who wish to be as pragmatic as the British and who do not wish to line up with the anti-Gaullist left which, as Mendès-France has said, approves the Labour plan for a Non-nuclear Club.

All the same, despite his success at the Issy congress, Guy Mollet is not optimistic. Talking frankly with a journalist he said: 'Nobody but de Gaulle can settle the Algerian question. But even he has only one chance in ten of doing it'. How is it that the head of the Socialist Party who is gambling both his own future and that of his party on the chance that de Gaulle will turn up the right card in Algeria, should be so pessimistic about the odds? The reason is that recent events have shown

even men like Mollet that de Gaulle is acting increasingly as a front man for a policy which is made by others and which he cannot change despite his great constitutional powers, despite his great personal popularity and whatever may be his intentions.

Here are some examples. On the eve of 14 July, while he was making his tour of Madagascar, General de Gaulle declared 'that he would no longer oppose the return to the island of the men convicted after the 1947 revolt and, specially, of Dr Rasetta, who is living under open surveillance in France. Dr Rasetta thereupon boarded an aeroplane at Orly and was expected at Madagascar on the following day. On the way, at Djibouti, he was nevertheless arrested and after being detained for several days, in the course of which he went on a hunger strike, he was taken back to France. The President of the Council had stepped in and annulled de Gaulle's instructions. The President of the Republic remained silent, just like Guy Mollet when, in 1956, his subordinates seized the plane carrying Ben Bella.

On 3 August, the King of Morocco will be coming to France on the personal invitation of de Gaulle. On the eve of this visit, to which de Gaulle seems to attach very great importance, the Gaullist press and the Gaullist deputies have launched an anti-Moroccan campaign on a scale unknown since the crisis of 1954–55. Even in the Assembly several deputies have insulted the King, and the government spokesman, M. Triboulet, has offered only a feeble defence of the national guest.

Westminster

Putting the House in Order

Some members of parliament spend hours in the Chamber debating proposals on which, they know, the decision has already been taken elsewhere; and when the time comes for the predestined divisions, their colleagues from Library, bar and tea-room come to join them in the lobby-shuffle, without knowing what they are voting for or against. At the best of times, the order paper, or agenda, for the day is so archaic in form that a member cannot ordinarily tell from it what business he is supposed to discuss; and the procedure is so inflexible that when a sudden emergency arises Members have the greatest difficulty in directing the attention of the House to it, however humdrum the business ordained through the usual channels.

Few people outside the House think that such things are compatible with democracy. Inside the House many members not only agree on this but also attack the undemocratic method of controlling the Palace of Westminster. Members are supposed to control the destinies of their country but they are not supposed to control the place where they do their work. That is left to a delegate of the Queen, the Lord Great Chamberlain, who tells members what rooms they may or may not use, where they may smoke or not smoke, when and where photographs may be taken inside the Palace and in what papers such photographs may appear – the Lord Great Chamberlain recently decreed that photographs taken at a dinner given by the trade union group of MPs to some of its retiring members should appear only in the *Tatler* and the *Field*.

For half a century members and others have rumbled and grumbled about such outdated proceedings; and during the past few years a select committee has been going through our procedure with a fine comb, hearing evidence from the experienced and expert, and working out its own proposals for reform. When, at long last, these proposals were laid before the House a week ago, one might reasonably have predicted that the House would begin to put its house in order. But the debate falsified such prediction. After six and a half hours' discussion, the innovation which seemed most likely to emerge was that questions to the Prime Minister in future should be taken at 3.15 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays and at no other time.

Such unwillingness or inability to reform itself, should it persist, may well still further diminish the standing of the House of Commons in outside eyes. British people have some taste for pageantry and ritual. For example, they rather like the ceremonial slamming of the Commons doors in the face of Black Rod, though some are heard to suggest that Black Rod might pay his visit at some more convenient time than in the middle of a big debate. But following procedures just because they always have been followed or because legislators, though admitting the need, have not the energy or imagination to devise something better, diminishes respect. Members sometimes look on the House of Commons as an end in itself. It is in fact the means to an end. It would be as well to bring that means up to date.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Editor-in-Chief

'The public has its rights. A paper which has grown up in a great community, nourished by its resources, reflecting in a thousand ways its spirit and its interests, in a real sense belongs to it. How else except in the permanence of that association can it fulfil its duty or repay the benefits and the confidence it has received?' So C. P. Scott on his 80th birthday, brusquely dismissing the suggestion that a London newspaper chain might be interested in making a large offer for the *Manchester Evening News* with the words: 'There are papers that will never be sold.' Such sentiments and loyalties are out of fashion. The seven provincial evenings, four provincial mornings and half dozen or so provincial weeklies of the Kemsley group have been sold without either party to the deal apparently entertaining for one second any idea that their readers or the local communities they presumably exist to serve needed to be considered in any way – even though several of the papers involved are monopoly papers providing the only service of local news and comment for considerable areas of population. The public interest, of which so much is heard when newspapers imagine themselves threatened by politicians and others, seems in fact to have received rather less attention than if a group of chain stores had been involved; indeed Mr Roy Thomson the new owner, who confided to me when I had a long talk with him last week that he was interested in making money more than in anything else because money was the one sure-fire sign of success, also told me that he never had got around to finding out just how many papers he was taking over from Lord Kemsley. Presumably Lord Kemsley knew. But Lord Kemsley has never shown much sign of regarding his provincial papers as anything but items in an involved balance sheet. Mr Thomson had the money. Why then waste time on the outmoded ideas of C. P. Scott? He never made £4,500,000 tax-free out of newspapers, did he?

What of the new owner? Mr Roy Thomson now becomes at the age of 65 the first man in the world to own chains of newspapers in three countries and on both sides of the Atlantic. He reckons that with the Kemsley deal he owns something over 60 altogether. His approach to them is very much like that of his peer in take-over finance, Hugh Fraser. He thinks he can make profitable whatever he cares to buy by eliminating waste, centralising budgetary control, standardising common services and paring down inessentials. He is in the business of providing what may be termed standard newspapers – reliable, workmanlike articles, but without frills. I suspect that a good many provincial newspaper proprietors will have their eyes opened on several aspects of the economics of cheap but efficient newspaper production before long.

He decided to leave Canada and come to Scotland because the last paper he bought in Canada did not give him any thrill. He thought it was time he took on something tougher, has been surprised to find it even easier to make money over here than on his home ground – especially with commercial television offering you 'a licence to print your own bank notes'. He has come up from the bottom, claims that as a young man he knew what it was to be afraid of actual starvation, and did not begin to make real money until he started running a small local radio station in northern Ontario. Out of some of the profits on this he bought his first local newspaper – on hire-purchase. The British newspaper proprietor he most reminds me of is the late Lord Southwood, creator of the Odhams empire and the first newspaper peer to be uninterested in the politics of his newspapers so long as they made money.

It may be, however, that some of this disinterest in policy ought now to be put in the past tense. Until he came to Britain, Thomson's papers were small and local. With the Kemsley deal, which has, he tells me, made him happier and more excited than he has been for years, he moves into a new phase: in the *Sunday Times* he has for the first time a paper of national and even international importance. What will he do with it? He tells me he has not yet made up his mind whether to take Lord Kemsley's vacant chair as editor-in-chief. My strong belief is that he will. In this latest deal of his, I should say that what he prefers to call prestige, rather than power, was for once as strong a motive as money. It was probably also a powerful motive when he bought the *Scotsman*. As a Scots-Canadian he assumed that ownership of that paper would open the doors of the Scottish Establishment to him; and that, if you were important in Edinburgh, you were important in London. He found himself wrong on both counts. But the *Sunday Times* is a different cup-of-tea. It is what Harrods is to Hugh Fraser. Here he sees a chance of real 'prestige'.

I think it likely that he will run the Kemsley provincial chain very much as he runs his Canadian and American papers, with a great deal of centralised business control but a fair degree of local autonomy as far as local editorial policy is concerned. Some of his Canadian papers are Conservative, some Liberal – it depends on the community in which they circulate. He is likely, however, once he gets settled in, to take a much more direct hand in the policy of the *Sunday Times*. And his influence may well be on the side of making it much less rigidly conservative than under Kemsley. Of course like most men with that amount of money, his bias is Conservative. But not in any *doctrinaire* way. He has, in fact, liberalised the *Scotsman* a good deal and also shown himself much more ready to work in with the trade unions than the previous proprietors were. In his personal relations he is a natural democrat. He dislikes pomp, shows, so far, little sign of the megiomania that is apt to afflict many rich men and most newspaper proprietors. Beneath the surface geniality and the salesman's pleasure in telling funny stories, one strikes rock.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Steel and the State

THE Iron and Steel Board's report for 1958, published last week, is written with the general election in mind. On subjects such as the rate of development, the trends of research, the use of home-ore, and export objectives, the problems are concealed. Not that they have been resolved. The vital question of the rate at which home ore resources should be developed is not merely unresolved; it has been referred to a burial committee made up of the very vested interests who stand in the way of the Board's earlier aim of rapid development. The shortage of steel strip is evidently going to mean a loss of potential export revenue, and thus increased import bills for the next five years. The nation will pay heavily for the Iron and Steel Board's delay in demanding a new strip mill after the evident shortages of 1955, and the British Iron and Steel Federation's refusal to accept the timing for construction that the Board urged on them early in 1957. As a result new strip mills will not be producing in appreciable quantities until 1964.

Nor is the export record in 1958 a happy one. Our share in world steel exports fell from 14 to 12 per cent – in tonnage by 400,000. The steel exports of the European Coal and Steel Community and Japan increased by well over a million tons, their share rising from 62 to 76 per cent. The report makes it clear that price reductions were decisive here – and at the same time that British firms' export prices in 1958 were not lower than domestic prices, which afforded very comfortable profit margins. This stickiness of British export prices, while profit margins were high and in face of increasing inroads made by European and Japanese exporters, is of a piece with the industry's reluctance through the post-war years to plan for increased capacity to expand exports.

The steel industry was comfortably cushioned by high profits in 1958 despite operating under capacity. The profits flood has now reached such a point that for United Steels, Stewarts and Lloyds, Colvilles, and John Summers, the trading profits in the recession year of 1958 were as high as the entire capital sum paid for their equity when they were denationalised. Control, in other words, at the cost of one year's profits – take-over bids pale into insignificance compared with this. This flood of profits helps to explain the continuation of a high rate of investment (though even here projects have been delayed or cancelled); the current consumer pays for the bulk of steel development, the state provides low interest loans for the rest. The only puzzle is why the community should not own what it pays for.

Back in 1957 the steel industry was given another big increase in prices (7½ per cent) to cover among other things the increased costs which followed Suez. The 1958 Iron and Steel Board report for some reason denies this (Para. 142) although it had in its previous reports stated clearly that the price increase assumed a 'permanent residue' of higher costs as a result of the Suez affair (ISB report for 1957, Para. 103.) Since then, there have been substantial falls in shipping freight rates and in manganese ore prices; and more recently, in imported ore prices, fuel oil prices, scrap prices, and in coke consumption. Only increased rail freight charges and small increases in wage rates offset these price reductions. In 1958 the higher overhead costs per ton due to under-capacity operation also offset these price falls, but in 1959 profitability will be greatly enhanced. Overall, the costs of steel production in 1959 will be substantially less than in 1957. Yet all the consumer has seen is a token reduction in steel prices of 1½ per cent in the spring of 1958. A further reduction in steel prices of about 5 per cent would reflect these reductions in production costs and directly assist the economy. The Iron and Steel Board cannot seriously maintain that current profit margins bear much relation to the formula under which they fixed prices in 1957.

The 1958 recession in steel was above all a stock recession. The change from stockbuilding to stock reduction accounted for 1.4 of the 2.4 million tons by which output was reduced. Much of this was the direct fault of the steel industry. Consumers had defended themselves against shortages and repeated price increases by hoarding steel stocks. Inevitably, in a period in which they were relieved of these worries they cut back. The steel industry, for its part has behaved very short-sightedly over producer stocks. No attempt was made to secure better loading of plant by production for stock. Producer stocks, instead of rising, fell until late in 1958. Although freight rates and imported ore prices were exceptionally low, the British Iron and Steel Federation actually reduced stocks of imported ore. The industry took no action to check the decline in steel output, or to build up stocks against future demand – and this at a time of under-utilised plant, unemployment, and the costs of production at the margin lower than they are likely to be in the future. Can no-one in the Federation think ahead? And do the staff of the Iron and Steel Board enjoy having to refrain from comment on such housekeeping?

The Kerala Trouble

THE Prime Minister of India returned from Kerala declaring that he had witnessed 'a tremendous mass upsurge': 'When I went to Kerala the overwhelming impression I got was of people, in a state of very high excitement bordering on hysteria. The excitement was terrible and hysterical.' The random visitor in the state's capital, Trivandrum, is a little surprised, therefore, when he does not immediately find much evidence of general excitement or hysteria. Though once in a while a group of four or five may pass shouting slogans, most people appear to move about the streets unconcerned. When I asked Mr M. K. Mustafa, one of the two general secretaries of the Kerala Congress Party, the reason for the general calm, he replied that the main trouble was in Quilon, a neighbouring town, where, he alleged, some kind of guerilla warfare was going on. Moreover, he claimed that the five Independent MP's, who support the Communists and provide them with their majority, do not end their alliance because they fear for their lives.

Subsequently, Kerala's Education Minister, Mr Joseph Mundassery, in answer to the same question, elaborated on the four 'weapons' which the church could use politically: the pastoral letter, which a bishop might issue and which is accepted by 'a good Christian as the law of God'; the sermon from the pulpit, words spoken in course of which, on whatever subject, are considered as sacred commands; the confessional, which offers a wide scope for organising political struggles; and the church bell, which, tolled out of time, is a warning and a message to the entire congregation to assemble. These 'powerful weapons', according to Mr Mundassery, were used by the Catholic leaders to assemble temporarily a surging mass of Christians, carrying placards inscribed with slogans like 'Dismiss the Communist Government', when Mr Nehru visited Trivandrum. This, said Mr Mundassery, naturally created the 'overwhelming impression' on Mr Nehru of 'excitement bordering on hysteria'.

It is obvious that opinion in this most literate of Indian states tends to be critical of the Communists. It would of course be premature and probably incorrect to conclude from this that the Communist government has lost all the support it appeared to command recently. Nevertheless, a kind of nervous irritation hangs in the air. It is, of course, true that the Kerala government's two most important measures continue to be popular – both the Education Act and the Agrarian Relations Bill. Mr Mustafa made clear, when the Education Act was mentioned, that these two measures did not any longer form the basis of the Opposition's agitation, which was now intended only to force a fresh election. Indeed, at a recent press conference, Mr Nehru emphasised that 'it was not my intention that the whole of the Education Act should be suspended but the controversial clauses and specially some which have been welcomed by almost everybody, those relating, for instance, to certain privileges to teachers'. There is little doubt that in fact the measure is extremely popular with teachers; and, as Mr Mundassery reminded me, it was scrutinised by the Supreme Court and given assent to by the President before the Kerala Assembly finally passed it. As for the Agrarian Relations Bill, Mr Nehru left no one in doubt that he welcomed it broadly: he had not, he said, studied the act carefully, 'but by and large it is the same as the policy we have laid down in other states'.

However, the comparative popularity that these two measures have brought to Mr E. M. S. Namboodiripad's ministry has received a bit of a set-back from the Communists' refusal to hold a fresh election, which has been read by most people as a refusal to test by the only democratic means available what the people really want.

The Communists in Kerala have not always seemed above suspicion in their dealings. The Communist MP, Mr Bhupesh Gupta, recently charged the Kerala Congress with making vague allegations and never coming out with specific cases of irregularity. This is not quite true. Instances have frequently been pointed out of Communist Party members taking the law into their own hands and terrorising non-Communist workers and managements. In the present trouble, cases of ruthlessness on the part of the police have been reported which cannot all be fabricated or exaggerated. Last summer, when clashes took place between students and police and between Communist and non-Communist workers, accusations were levelled at the Communists of attempting to create a parallel authority in the state. The secretary of the Kerala Communist Party had called upon 'all those interested in the progress of Kerala' to organise 'local citizens committees' to 'prevent the opposition parties from launching unnecessary agitations with the object of pulling down the Communist regime in the state'.

The general secretary of the Congress Party, Mr Sadiq Ali, alleged that 'Communists outside the government took upon themselves the task of quelling the agitation' and that the state government was 'withdrawing prosecution cases, mostly against members of the ruling party', which seemed to confirm that the 'ministry was averse to the normal functioning of the opposition parties and indeed of the democratic system'. Mr Sadiq Ali also referred to specific cases of commutation of sen-

tences on party members. Mr Nehru, too, largely endorsed Mr Sadiq Ali's views, saying that he was 'distressed at what has happened in Kerala and the atmosphere that has been created. Some things have happened, murders have been committed which are brutal in the extreme'. These charges and allegations have never been very convincingly answered by the Communists.

In the present situation, though popular expectation is that central intervention will come – and Mr Nehru has made it clear that it will if the situation worsens – there seems to be some hesitation inside the Union government at taking such a final step. This hesitation is understandable. The Indian constitution, for good or bad, is such that, if a person determined and dictatorially-inclined could make his way to the premiership, he would not find it difficult to create constitutionally the conditions required for perpetrating totalitarian rule. Apparently, the only safeguard in the circumstances is to create precedents in interpreting the constitution, so that a body of unwritten conventions crystallises and is gradually embedded in the public mind. In the present trouble a good deal of confusion has been created by, on the one side, Congress allegations that the Communists are subverting the constitution in Kerala from within, and, on the other, Communist counter-allegations that the Congress is flouting the constitution by violently attempting to dislodge a democratically-elected government.

In India, and in Asia generally, the personality wielding power is very often the sole guarantee of democratic growth. Western concepts of parliamentary democracy tend frequently to appear somewhat absurd when applied without modification in under-developed conditions. It is hardly necessary to state that Mr Nehru's antecedents as a liberal, totally committed to his country's freedom and progress, are unquestionable.

RAKSHAT PURI

London Diary

THE ability to make the most of a small illness is one of the signs of a good upbringing. Big illnesses, of course, are different altogether. I am not talking of the pain and fear that drain vitality, but of a nice small illness from which cunning and experience may cull a fine flavour and some distinctive fun. It removes responsibility; it is the best of all excuses for idleness. Only a puritan really understands what bliss this can be. You may read what your fancy dictates and find just the appropriate aphorism. In bed last week, Joyce Carey's *To be a Pilgrim* was exactly the right book for me. His hero remarks that the effect of a Protestant education was to make people a little mad; 'it throws upon everyone the responsibility for the whole world's sins, and it doesn't provide any escape – not even a confession box'! And in bed, with a doctor telling you to stay there, the burden of sin and decision rolls off your back like Christian's when he fled from the City of Destruction; the doctor makes conversion and priest alike unnecessary. So in my excessively puritan home, my happiest childhood's memories are of many small illnesses. (I never had a big one.) Measles? We had all its English and Continental varieties. And my parents read *David Copperfield* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* aloud, and made unsuccessful attempts to interest us in Walter Scott. (Only *Ivanhoe*, skipped, ever held our attention). Chickenpox means to me Pip and Joe Gargery. There were always extras to eat and even indulgence for bad temper. Best of all, a rash or a temperature meant the unheard-of luxury of a fire in the bedroom. It meant, too, being looked after by womenfolk as of right – a way of bullying other members of the household by remote control which remains a licensed luxury in adult years.

* * *

I have decided to say that my 1959 small illness is an adder's bite in the foot. (A doctor would say that it was a subcutaneous streptococcal infection.) 'An adder's bite?' said a kindly visitor. 'Our puppy died from one'. 'Ah, yes', I said, 'but I'm not a puppy'. But he put an idea into my head, and since I couldn't put my foot to the ground, I made surprisingly swift progress about the flat by crawling on my hands and knees, much to the surprise of our marmalade cat. When the penicillin began to work I even found it possible to creep outside, hail a taxi, and arrive at a cocktail party. Once there, I planted myself in a chair where I was at once surrounded by all the most attractive and sympathetic female characters. Sympathy can, of course, be carried too far. When told I had a poisoned foot, the piano-tuner said: 'It makes me shiver. My mother-in-law died of gangrene a fortnight ago'.

* * *

ITV has caught the infection of religiosity (as opposed to religion) and puts on a clergyman to give us bits of uplift which are no less blushmaking than most of the 'Lift up your hearts' sermonettes that preface the BBC's morning's news. I can't help feeling that if I had been ordained and called to perform this ritual, I could have thought up something less platitudinous and unappetising. I actually heard one of these moral improvers plead that after all we had nothing to lose, had we, by trying to be better Christians? Hadn't we even been promised substantial rewards? This has always struck me as the most immoral of inducements. If he meant that the common effect of being friendly and agreeable is that you are met with more friendliness than if you are arrogant and hostile, that would be sensible, if not original. But I'm afraid that he did not mean this. Commonsense ethics unsupported by divine sanction was not the theme. His business-like exhortation recalled an old hymn which, as I remember it, went something like this: 'Whatever Lord I give to Thee, A thousandfold return shall be'.

* * *

I found my wandering mind less attached than I should have expected by television. Indeed, the handful of worthwhile programmes on sound radio still, I think, outnumbers those on TV. Both Denis Healey and Gaitskell put up remarkably good defences of the Non-nuclear Club idea, which may have been conceived mainly as a way of ditching the Cousins' left, but which has, in my view, the merit that it is in itself a concession to the nuclear disarmers and that it is a constructive notion on which a pressure group can go on pressing. Then there were talks like Leonard Woolf's fascinating bits of autobiography and a composite recollection of H. G. Wells's squeaky voice and unexpectedly volcanic personality. 'Call the tune' – a really entertaining and expert piece of musicianship (Stephen Potter competes in it) is off on holiday, and so of course are TV's star programmes, *Monitor* and *Panorama*. I sometimes found bits of Michelmore's *Tonight* suggestive about the news and John Freeman's *Face to Face* with Mr Gulbenkian proved once again what a photographer can do with a personality when he is asked the right questions and has few inhibitions in answering them. But in general I came to the conclusion that I was not ill enough to enjoy television for more than a very few hours a week.

I don't think the correspondent who writes to me about a *contretemps* with a policeman in the West End a fortnight ago really has a serious grievance. But I can understand his annoyance. He arrived, he explains, at Baker Street after midnight and decided to walk to Soho, where he was staying, because it was 'too fine a night not to walk'. He heard someone trying to overtake him and turned round to confront a policeman who asked to look in his bag. Under protest, he let the constable have his way; there being nothing suspicious in the bag, he continued, clearly wrathful, on his journey. What remedy, he asks me, has he against this kind of thing? Such indignities have been inflicted on him several times before. He is a small man; he thinks that no policeman would have dared to treat him like this if he had looked physically or socially formidable. The answer is that he should look up the law. If, for instance, he turns to C. H. Rolph's *Personal Identity* he will find the story of a similar bag-opening episode before the war; in this case a flying officer (presumably not insignificant-looking) made such a fuss that questions were asked about it in the House of Commons. There was another case of a film actor, who was held up by the police when he was carrying two overcoats; he got £300 damages because the Law decided that there had been no reasonable grounds of suspicion against him. But I mustn't raise my correspondent's hopes too high. In London, the police are legally entitled to search the bag of a man who, in their opinion, may be reasonably suspected of carrying stolen property in it. Oddly enough, the House of Commons, properly anxious to preserve the liberty of honest and inoffensive little men, has always refused to grant similar powers to the police of other towns where, I suppose, a traveller's honesty is less suspect.

* * *

No more unfair bill has been proposed in modern times than the Street Offences Bill, which discriminates against prostitutes, lets the men go off scot-free, puts great temptation in the way of policemen and is likely to lead to a system of call-girls and to turn hotel porters into brothel guides. The reason why this admitted injustice will become law is that people in places like Stepney and Bayswater say that the streets in their areas have become intolerable. We deliberately accept these injustices and run these risks as the lesser of the two evils. Whether the new system lasts will simply depend on whether it works without public scandal. The one powerful point made for the Bill is that it conforms closely to the current practice in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, where, it is said, there are few, if any prostitutes in the streets, and no prostitutes in jail.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The best way in the long run to get 'the right kind of chap' is to breed him. The sons of officers in the armed forces are likely to include a higher proportion of boys who have the right qualities for a commission than are the sons of any other group.

If officers in the Services averaged four sons apiece there would be no problem. The sons of gifted individuals tend to regress towards the average of the population, but one son at least may be expected, like his father, to have the talents and the inclination to enter the Service. The other three sons will usually make good citizens, even if unsuited to or unattracted by a commission. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (I. G. Anderson.)

My husband and I are very fond of those dishes in which a little cheap red wine can be used. But I am rather worried about serving them when my sister who is very abstemious, comes to stay. Could anyone possibly say these dishes were intoxicating? – Letter in *Everywoman*. (M. John.)

I was interested in your recent letter from a reader whose seventeen-month-old daughter is already singing popular songs. I have a son, born when we lived at Rotherham, Yorks, who weighed 12¼lb and cooed on the day he was born. He walked at ten months and when he was just a year old, he sang 'O God, our help in ages past' in perfect tune! He is a truly fine man today. – Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (M. Ford.)

I am deeply in love with an usher at our local cinema. He always keeps the aisle seat for me on a Friday night and sometimes flashes his torch in my face and winks. I often go to the kiosk to get sweets I don't want, so that I can see him. How can I get to know him? I am 16 years of age. – Letter in Glasgow *Evening Times*. (A. Weir.)

The Journey from Navarre

FROM Navarre to Kidderminster is a long Sephardic journey which has taken four and a half centuries. Some of the Nabarros have reappeared in that time, no less distinguished as doctors and jurists than once they were in Spain. Mr Gerald Nabarro, still the bearer of the orthodox family name of Nunes, has crossed over to a different tradition. If Disraeli seemed an ibis who had lost the way in the Buckinghamshire woods. Mr Nabarro seems rather like a rhinoceros who, having wandered into a Tory Business Men's Club, has successfully adopted himself as its pet.

The trumpeting voice, the trampling manner, the tough hide and the horn permanently cocked, might at their first appearance seem as rebarbative to Conservatives as to Socialists. (Was it an ostentatious tribute to the acquisitive society or to Number One that made him register his car as NAB 1? Or was it a piece of unconscious atavism? For '*nabi*' means 'prophet' – see Proust's frequent references to the artistic group '*les Nabis*' and King Edward VII's well-known remark, '*Quelques-uns de mes meilleurs amis sont des nabis*'.) But Mr Nabarro has both stamina and intelligence, two qualities which in time have won the hesitant respect first of his opponents and then of his colleagues. There have been few since 1945 in the House of Commons who can think so effectively on their feet as this self-made business man, party-machine man and churchman.

Orphaned at an early age, Mr Nabarro began life in conditions which were more arduous than those of most of Labour's front bench. From his LCC elementary school, he went to sea for nearly a year before enlisting in the regular army. After nine years of soldiering, he retired with the rank of staff-sergeant-instructor and went into industry, still in the non-commissioned ranks, as a charge-hand and foreman. With the war, Mr Nabarro, now a 25-year-old officer, entered a new heritage. The Navarrese tradition belonged to history; Nabarro, the New Man in the opportunity democracy, would make his ancestors descend from him.

In 1943, he married the elder daughter, an ATS officer, of Colonel B. B. von B. im Thurn, DSO, MC, of Dawn House, Winchester, and laid the foundation of a happy family life in Broadway, Worcestershire – which he has enriched with two sons, one now at Harrow, and two daughters. By 1945, he was a parliamentary candidate, by 1946 chairman of the West Midlands Young Conservatives, by 1950 a director of companies and the member for Kidderminster. Mr Nabarro had arrived.

With his exaggerated moustaches, his popping eyes and his megaphonal voice, he seemed all set at first to join the parliamentary eccentrics. To the Socialists, he seemed wholly bogus. They knew where they were with a Tory gentleman who had been to Eton and Magdalen; or with a Tory trade unionist like Mr Mawby. But Mr Nabarro was obviously neither one nor the other, although he wore a Bevis Marks top hat on Budget Day and chose to make speeches on industry. When Mr Nabarro, who really has a very loud voice, shouted, 'Utterly ridiculous!' or 'Incomprehensible,' or 'Bloody nonsense!' or 'Another instance of Socialist extravagance' – remarks which in report of others might be thought to be remarks-which-we-doubt-were-ever-shouted – the Opposition either laughed, invited him to shut up, or, probing his armour with its bludgeon, used to call out: 'Nabarro – boy!' Many a time was the former Tory Chief Whip's pallid face seen to flush as Mr Nabarro rushed thundering, uninvited, into some sophisticated exchange between the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition.

Our hero remained unabashed by the scowls in front of him or the frowns behind him. Within a few months of his arrival at Westminster, he had achieved his first objective. He had been noticed. From the centre of their nepotic circle, prime ministers might choose to overlook him; but he couldn't be ignored. An unhappy incident in 1956 when he was stopped for speeding by a policeman whom he called half-witted and insolent, and who alleged that Mr Nabarro, after knocking his notebook out of his hand, 'seemed to be impressing upon everybody his own importance', resulted in a fine of £10 for careless driving and £2 for exceeding the speed limit. This was more than a blow to a man who belonged to 20 automobile clubs and carried 21 badges on the radiator of his car. It suggested – the worst offence in a member of parliament – that he was throwing his weight about.

But Mr Nabarro is a quick learner. When a National Coal Board official described him a little later as 'a carpet-bagger and political hoodlum', he airily waved away the suggestion that he could raise the matter in the House as a breach of privilege. 'MPs,' he said, 'ought not to be too tender, and I don't like privilege.' The country applauded and took his side against the *chinovnik* who was being beastly to him.

After a year of impressing his image on the party – an image as vivid as that of a neon-lit factory on the fringe of a village at dusk – Mr Nabarro was ready for his second objective, a

pew among the hierarchs. This has proved more difficult. Preferment in both main parties depends either on the patronage of the leaders or on the leader's need of patronage. Great bodies of power such as the landed aristocracy, the FBI, the trade unions and the co-ops have titles to office for their parliamentary representatives, however dull personally, which are stronger than those of any unsupported individualists, however brilliant. Mr Nabarro recognised this early, and just as he worked hard within the party machine, so now he worked inside the parliamentary party till through assiduity and knowledge he became vice-chairman of the important Atomic Energy Committee.

While others paired, Nabarro burrowed. And, suddenly, both the government and the Opposition heard themselves listening attentively to a well-informed and fluent expounder of fuel policies, not in the least eccentric, not in the least like the jargon of the heckler, but enterprising, bright with new ideas, not flashy but sober. It is true that he was often in conflict with the Minister of Fuel and Power and even resigned from the secretaryship of the Fuel and Power Committee of the Conservative Party because of his differences of opinion. It is true that in debate he used to speak of 'my fuel policy . . .'. But these disputes were on matters of substance. His arguments were those of an expert. This was Nabarro, Mark II.

In January 1955 he opened his campaign for clean air by having his parliamentary letters franked, 'Gerald Nabarro's Clean Air (anti-smog) Bill Second Reading – Friday, Feb. 4th, 1955.' Before long he had become the only man of this century to have brought through his own initiative three measures on to the Statute Book – the Clean Air Act, a new Coroners' Act and an act for the insulation of new factories. In each of these cases he combined persuasion with attack. The unpopular boy at Greyfriars, ragged and ducked in the first chapter, who in the last chapter carries off the cup, to the cries of 'Good old Gerald!', had nothing on Mr Nabarro in his moment of triumph. His demeanour was modest. The braggart manner had mildened. He had fought for a limited but worth-while cause and established himself as a more hard-working and productive member than most of those who had tried (partly, let it be said, with his assistance) to make of him a buffoon.

Mr Nabarro's House of Commons manner is, of course, that of a jester rather than of a wit. His alliterative insults ('Meddlesome Matty' for Miss Elaine Burton) are as simple in their humour as fifth-form puns. His oratory, like that of Sir Winston Churchill, Mr Aneurin Bevan and other self-educated men, is polysyllabic. His pronunciation of certain long words makes the listener feel that Mr Nabarro has read them more often than he has heard them. For all that, there is no one like Mr Nabarro to retain command of an elaborate supplementary question, full of participial and dependent clauses, undistracted by cries of 'Speech!' 'Sit down!' and 'Not again!' Who else but Mr N. could ask a supplementary like:

> Is my Hon. Friend aware that his answer seems to suggest that he has not read with his customary avidity the evidence given by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board chiefs themselves to the Select Committee on Nationalised Industries, which made it perfectly clear, in the words of those chiefs of the Hydro-Electricity Board, that pumped storage schemes worked in conjunction with base-load nuclear power stations were by far the most economic means, both in capital cost and in terms of operation, for future electricity generation in Scotland?

– and get away with it?

But Mr Nabarro knows his rights. 'Mr Speaker, sir,' he says, with a haughty look at his interruptors and a pause for the silence that may or may not come. Then the Voice starts its emphatic question that seems to spell itself out in hexameters, until the interruptors begin to fade and at last Mr Nabarro, enchanted with his own powers, can be seen in full possession of the House. 'He knows his stuff,' a Labour voice will grudgingly admit. Nor do the Tories disdain the uses of a hoplite who is always ready for the heat of the battle.

There have been times, of course, when Mr Nabarro has stepped very effectively on the toes of his own generals. Apart from his fuel activities, he has caused great irritation to his ministers by his 200 questions dealing with purchase-tax anomalies, as when he asked why should toothbrush holders that are personal to the owner be taxed at 90 per cent when other toothbrush holders pay only 30 per cent? Why are false beards and moustaches taxed at 30 per cent? Why are blinds fitted with peepholes free of tax, since peepholes are an incitement to offences under the Peeping Tom Act? Small wonder that Mr J. E. S. Simon, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, once exclaimed in the words of the conductor Richter to the second flute at Covent Garden: 'Your damn nonsense I can stand twice or once, but sometimes always, by God, never!' Yet the preparation of this campaign required considerable research, its execution great tenacity; and, although it worked by illustrations of nonsense, it cumulatively produced the effect in the public mind which Mr Nabarro desired – namely, that a lot of purchase tax regulation is, in fact, a lot of nonsense. Mr Nabarro's pasteboard sword-play with the Chancellor was not unpopular.

If, despite these internecine skirmishes, Mr Nabarro's earthiness is on the whole an advantage to the Tories in the Chamber, it is not yet sufficient to promote him among the other earthy new men like Mr Macleod. For, unlike him, Mr Nabarro has so far shown an inability to express in public a philosophy which could be thought of as Nabarro's Toryism. Disraeli, Churchill, Macmillan, Hailsham – all have thought of Toryism as a system of ideas. Pragmatism is not enough. The most reactionary party must have some sort of ideal. And Mr Nabarro, if he is to emerge in the Tory Party as a leading figure in a race where his hurdles are six inches higher than his competitors', must before long – he is now 44 – offer a comprehensive and acceptable expression of his own Tory image.

The moustache may have to be trimmed. Perhaps the carnation ought to go. And if the absurdly monocled Sir Colin Thornton-Kemsley *will* persist in sitting behind him on Budget Day looking like a sugar-bridegroom on a wedding cake, perhaps the Moss Bros toggery ought to go as well. If all the gimmicks disappear, will anything be left? There are those who believe that, stripped of his wraps, Mr Nabarro, a courageous, intelligent and responsible man, could emerge as a considerable politician. He seems at least the equal of almost all of his ministerial contemporaries.

Fraud on the Poor

I SAW what they said was the first nylon shirt in the world at a house on the Hudson belonging to a man with the same name as a motorcar and some hundreds of millions of money. A fellow-guest brought it, to show. That was in May 1939. He said it had cost about a million dollars. It was very nasty – smooth and dead. At the time I was wearing a silk shirt bought in Milan, at one of those *Geleria* shops for nine shillings. I liked it. I like cotton, too, Sea Island, Egyptian, poplin. And linen, which I cannot afford. They have texture; the pleasure of substance and surfaces is afforded by them.

When my mother-in-law, whose housekeeping money probably averaged 30 bob a week throughout her lifetime – she was one of the lucky ones, her husband was hardly ever out of work in his life – died, my wife went through her things, some of which had been *her* mother's things. Not many of these dresses and nightgowns; but what there were shook us. Garment after garment my wife held up and said, *Heavens, if only we could get such stuff now!* How substantial and elastic they were to the hand; how rich to the eye.

It is excellent that ingenuity has, after many a weary century, provided a kind of plenty for, say, one fifth of the world's population. Excellent, however, only because this kind of plenty is better than privation. But would it not be as well to pay a little more attention to the *kind* of plenty we have now?

I went not long since to a remote mountain village in Grand Canary where the villagers, having nothing to trade for manufactured goods, still make the pots and knives they use about the house and workshop. The pottery was poor stuff by the great standards of pre-history, not to mention those of the historical pre-industrial era. We had, as a matter of fact, seen almost the identical ware in the museum of Guanche, pottery and the Guanches were not very clever with their hands. But how much less offensive it was to hand and eye than our plastic ware. As for the knives, the blades were roughish but took a razor edge easily, and the handles were beautifully decorated. The yokes of wood for harnessing their oxen, too, were pleasantly carved with simple designs. The man who would ask, why decorate the handle of a knife for cutting a pig's throat, or the yoke which bows the necks of draft cattle, is living proof that we are, indeed, defrauding our generations.

It is not that we cannot do good work, and I do not mean only the pattern-making and fine turning of steel which goes on in the weapon and aircraft shops. Good china well painted and glazed comes from our potteries; the commonest domestic vessel of earth or copper made in the small workshops of Tuscany is good to look at and to handle. Recently a friend brought me from Israel a small blue and white jug with a frieze of antelopes which is a very great pleasure to the eye. I know, of course, the economist's argument:

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we cannot make enough of what is really good, and we cannot make it cheaply. This simply means that we are (*a*) not training real makers, but only machine-minders, for Heaven knows we have idle hands enough all over the western world, not to mention the East; and (*b*) that we have not found a way to distribute wealth anything like equitably.

We underpay people to make things to sell, not things to use; nasty things, but cheap enough to keep the wheels turning madly. We have come to conceive of man not as a maker, not as *homo faber*, but as a consumer, a customer. State Socialism is not an answer; it seems even less concerned with quality, with æsthetics, than capitalism. This is not a political economy piece, but is it not time that we took another look at the ideas which the late G. D. H. Cole was expressing throughout his life? And especially at what he had to say in some of his last contributions to this journal? High wages paid for making rubbish and with which to buy rubbish seems a peculiar kind of policy to me; it isn't as if it even made us content. The prevailing mood is bloody-mindedness; naturally; hardly anyone has anything interesting to do.

From the market I went to buy the list of groceries I had been given. Having provided what I asked for the grocer made a few extra suggestions.

'Butter, sir?'

'We get ours from a farm.'

'This is farm butter, sir.'

It was nothing of the kind; it was called farm-butter, but it was made in a factory. That's all right, our numbers and the *zeitgeist* make that inevitable. But we should admit the truth, not resort to fraudulent misrepresentation. And the truth is simple: we cannot afford good food.

'Garden peas, sir?"

The two rows we grow under glass through the winter were just filling their pods. I reckoned that they were 'worth' about eight shillings a pound. The ones the shop-keeper was offering me and which were, indeed, labelled Garden Peas, were canned and had never been nearer to a garden than a farmer's field; or, more probably, a North African ranch. Fraudulent misrepresentation, again, the expedient lowering of standards, the making of slogans do for quality, of advertising for substance.

It's a marvellous social tool, is advertising. It works even on people whose money would enable them to put its claims to the test. I have sat at table with such people as they loudly, and apparently with sincerity, praised as they ate that revolting lump of half-sodden, half-glassy amorphous fibre, the quick-frozen strawberry. It is not that one minds these horrors being made and purveyed: after all, trade is the thing, all we have left. But the misrepresentation, the lies, the one big all-covering lie that we are doing jolly well and *vive la science!* is hideously corrupting. I forget which potentates they were who used to have an officer to stand beside them and whisper, from time to time, *remember death*. What we, who live in the midst of death in so many senses, need, is one who will whisper, rather, *remember life*. So that textures and colour and flavours and scents shall not be altogether forgotten.

It would not matter so much if we could be assured, and constantly reminded, that all this nastiness of our things is provisional, a matter of sharking up something more or less serviceable to make provision for manifold urgent necessity; and that we should realise that our things are expedient merely, and without other merit. But we have worked such an ugly revolution in the very nature of man's responses to surfaces, tastes, smells, that one can watch the half-crowners filing, dull-faced, attentive but unmoved and uninspired, before the country-house displays of things properly designed and well made, without once asking why we, too, cannot have such good things. There, and in the museums, are what yesterday the rich enjoyed; and even, once, the not so very rich, for Wedgwood's pots were made for common use, and village joiners used the great cabinet-makers' designs. But it occurs to nobody to say *Can't we have, not the same things, but things as good?*

Hitherto, Socialists have been obliged to think in terms of quantity, and have, therefore, been obliged to abet the fraud on the poor. Is it not time to add to our aims, explicitly, the raising of quality standards for everybody? It is no use saying, repeating, that it cannot be done, that we cannot afford it. Some rather radical changes are, of course, entailed; the first being a different kind of education. We are at the beginning of the automation age; it really does look as if, at long last, machines may be ready to relieve us of the burden of mechanical and joyless labour, instead of adding to it. We shall, of course, have to put a stop to all the waste entailed in making lethal ironmongery. Our rulers, everywhere, will fight us with every weapon in the armoury of authority. The toys of physical power are cherished by them above rubies and the honour of their wives and daughters. But it will have to be done; the alternative is to become like those miserable, nameless wretches who spent their lives in turning out just the kind of junk we, most of us, are engaged in making, for the heartless, joyless, ugly trade of Carthage.

This is a long-term policy I advocate: but a beginning can be made by setting a limit, at once to the commercial hocus-pocus which is destroying out ability to recognise quality. Let canned field peas be canned field peas and the only 'selling point' allowed, cheapness. Let us face the fact that, because of our total inability to do a small job of reorganisation, the 'fresh' vegetables our citizens have to eat are in fact vegetable carrion.

And let things be known by their names. I went from the grocer's to the fishmonger. In front of me a stout, elderly woman wearing imitation leopard-skin tights, a sloppy-joe, and with the grey showing through the bleach of her pony-tailed hair, was at grips with the fishmonger. She didn't fancy cod; sole was too dear; the fillets of plaice were nothing but a bit of skin. She pointed to some unidentified cuts, restless in her search for novelty, and asked,

'What's that, duck?'

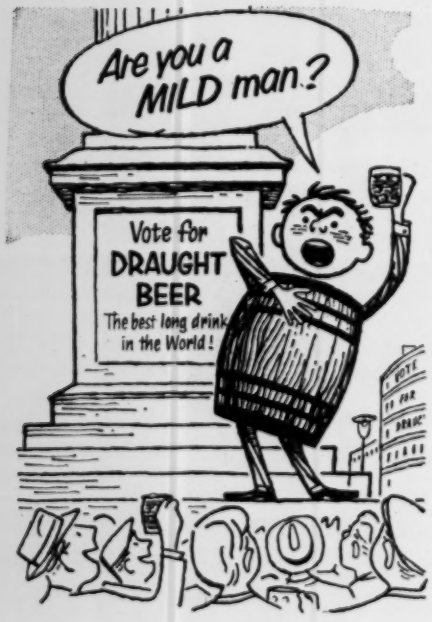
'Mock-halibut, ma.'

'Mock-halibut? Fancy!'

Fancy, indeed! What miracle of submarine evolution, what creature of sinuous, lovely motion through the green depths, of flashing scales, and fanning, translucent fins, had thus been fobbed-off with mockery prefixed to the name of an even nobler fishy kind? Had the poor tradesman known the beast's name I might even have bought a couple of cuts myself. But I'll buy no hollow mockery.

EDWARD HYAMS

BIG BEER ELECTION



THIS COUNTRY must hold on to its advantages – a pint of mild, for instance. We must grasp our opportunities – a glass of mild and bitter, for example. Bottled beer is all very well in its way, but can it refresh, restore and reward as much as a pint of draught? So when the election is on in *your* Local – rally round the barrel and give a thumping majority to Draught! Vote *Draught* Beer the best long drink in the world!

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The Arts and Entertainment

More from Cheltenham

THE construction of concert programmes on the basis of current musical production in Britain is a daunting prospect. Programme-building depends so much on the erection of dykes of classics. This year, Cheltenham enjoyed the protection of such classics as Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Schubert. In theory that was very welcome, though in practice a performance like the one we heard last Wednesday of Beethoven's Op. 95 merely emphasises our tragic lack of a first-rate quartet ensemble in this country. The idea of having Sir Arthur Bliss conduct the *Enigma Variations* was thoroughly justified; the idea that he should also conduct the third Brandenburg Concerto was not. Foresight in one direction should not mean blindness in another.

The Severn Bore is a predictable, if awe-inspiring, phenomenon. The Cheltenham bore is a much more erratic and Protean danger. Yet the safeguards are not always in position. Apparently the Festival reading-panel was not responsible for the admission of John Addison's *Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Orchestra*. But the public surely deserves some protection. The kind of ethic that bids us hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil ends by making a monkey of us all in the concert-hall, where non-resistance is a convention that even guards insufferable *Kitsch* like Mr Addison's *Concertante*.

A work like Kenneth Leighton's Piano Quintet, commissioned by the BBC for this year's Festival, seems less offensive, for the musical language, and indeed the actual material, has been hallowed by respected composers. The work shows a certain

savoir faire which is not evident in William Wordsworth's Piano Quartet (also played at Cheltenham), but this is a kind of fluency which is only welcome (because it is so rare) in University and Music College composers' concerts. Mr Leighton obviously knows how a work is put together. He has studied and remembered his Bartok all too well, and has kept an eye on the English market. But without any justification of originality, the superficially impressive consistency of the work is merely an academic gambit, and in the last resort every event is arbitrary.

By contrast, the consistency of Benjamin Frankel's new String Trio is what one would expect from a true composer. Mr Frankel has written a self-deprecating programme note, of the kind familiar to students of Shostakovitch and Vaughan Williams. In this he is manifestly unfair to the Trio, though with sincere intent, and some critics have in effect reviewed the mirage of the programme note rather than the reality of the music. When a senior English composer adopts serial techniques one can expect certain agonies of conscience, but when the result is as musicianly and as characteristic of its composer as is this Trio, no verbal assurance is needed. The Trio is a brave and moving work. (When are we to hear the Symphony with which Frankel preceded it and which has already been given in Germany?) Only in the single fast movement of the Trio does Frankel show that he still has some problems to solve with regard to his new means of expression.

Peter Maxwell Davies, Frankel's junior by nearly thirty years, has greater problems as a composer. They are partly due to the fact that his creative personality is not yet fully formed, but they also owe something to his healthy lack of caution. His 'St. Michael' Sonata for 17 wind instruments is undoubtedly the work by which this year's Festival will be remembered. It attempts many fine things, and some impossible ones. Davies is quite clear about his structural aims, but his means of expression are less certain. In counterpoint and in the most extreme textures he shows little of the purely technical finesse which the young continental avant-gardists have acquired from Messiaen. But the obvious success of those passages which are primarily harmonic in conception will doubtless bear fruit. At the moment he is apt to lose himself in an ecstasy of structuralisation, only to recover by means of some quite traditional 'expressive' gesture. These gestures show him to be as close to Berg as he is to the Darmstadt composers. Even though this dichotomy gives the work a somewhat tentative character, it is the kind of flaw which only springs from a genuine creative intelligence. By the very fact of being responsive to conflicting orders, Davies has already begun to resolve them.

DAVID DREW

The Ambush of Reality

If you think that a good exhibition amounts to nothing more than an interesting collection, then *The Romantic Movement* is a good exhibition. The 1,000 works include perhaps 30 masterpieces and offer a unique opportunity for making comparisons. (Crome's *Slate Quarries* looks like one of the great landscapes of the nineteenth century. Stubbs and Géricault look like father and son.) But if you believe that an exhibition should explain, should be something more than a happy hunting ground for those who know what they like, then *The Romantic Movement* is a shar bl:s. The Introductions in the catalogue (which costs 15*s.*!) and the dutiful reviews that have so far appeared are a proof indeed of the appalling timidity of contemporary critical thinking. Romanticism, which was the cultural means by which our present bourgeois societies agonisingly chastised themselves as no society had or could before, is presented as though it were an eccentric artistic heirloom, now all cleaned-up and framed and ready to be given a place of honour in the happy family collection. The exhibition is being held under the auspices of The Council of Europe.

And so – needs must when the Council drives. In this first article, instead of writing about those works that especially moved me, I must try to do what the employed scholars should have done – give the reader some general idea of the meaning of this vast collection.

The term Romanticism has been taken to cover almost all the art produced in Europe between about 1770 and 1860. The show includes Ingres and Gainsborough, David and Turner, and – in the manuscript section – Pushkin and Stendhal. Thus the pitched battles of the last century between Romanticism and Classicism are not taken at their face value, but rather it is suggested that the differences between the two schools were less important than what they both had in common with the rest of the art of their time.

What was this common element? The exhibition's posing of this question emphasises, I think, its fundamental weakness. To take a century of violent agitation and revolt and then to try to define the general, overall nature of its art, is to deny the very character of such a period. The significance of the outcome of any revolution can only be understood in relation to the specific circumstances pertaining. There is nothing less revolutionary than generalising about revolution. However. A stupid question usually gets stupid answers. Some try to define Romantic art by its subject matter. But then Piero di Cosimo is a Romantic artist along with George Morland! Others suggest that Romanticism is an irrational force present in all art, but that sometimes it predominates more than at other times over the opposite force of order and reason. Yet this would make a great deal of Gothic art romantic! Another observes that it must all have had something to do with the English weather.

No, if one must answer the question – and as I've said no answer is going to get us all that far – one must do so historically. The works in this exhibition cover the period between the growing points of two revolutions, the French and the Russian. Rousseau published *Le Contrat Social* in 1762. Marx published *Capital* in 1867. No two other single facts could reveal more. Romanticism was a revolutionary movement that rallied round a promise which was bound to be broken: the promise of the success of revolutions deriving their philosophy from the concept of the natural man. Romanticism represented and acted out the full predicament of those who tried to fight capitalism with idealism, of those who created the goddess of Liberty, put a flag in her hands and followed her only to find that she led them into an ambush: the ambush of reality. It is this predicament which explains the two faces of romanticism: its exploratory adventurousness and its morbid self-indulgence. For pure romantics the two most unromantic things in the world were firstly to accept life as it was, and secondly to succeed in changing it.

In the visual arts the two faces reveal themselves in a sense of new dimensions on the one hand, and in an oppressive claustrophobia on the other. There are Constable's clouds formed by land and water we can't see, and there is a huge Dutch painting of a man being buried alive in his coffin. There is Géricault looking calmly and openly at the inmates of an asylum, and there are the German Romantic painters in the Mediterranean painting the hills and sky such a legendary blue that the whole scene looks as though it could be smashed like a saucer. There is Stubbs scientifically comparing animals and looking into the eyes of a tiger, and there is James Ward reducing Gordale Scar to a rock of ages just cleft for him. There is a new awareness of the size and power of the forces in the world – an awareness which invested the word *Nature* with a completely new meaning, and there is the breathlessness of the new superstitions that protected men from the enormity of what they were discovering: above all the superstition that a feeling in the heart was somehow comparable with a storm in the sky.

Naturally the focal centres of Romantic art varied a great deal according to time and place. In England the provocation was the Industrial Revolution and the new light (literal and metaphorical) that it threw on landscape; in France the predominant stimulus was the new mode of military heroism established by Napoleon; in Germany it was the mounting compulsion to establish a national identity. Naturally, too, the political predicament I've described often presented itself in indirect forms. More Romantic artists were directly influenced by the literary cult of the past when life was thought to have been 'simpler' and more 'natural', than they were by, say, Chartism. Newtonian science was also relevant to Romanti-

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cism. The Romantics accepted the way science had freed thought from religion, but at the same time were intuitively in protest against its closed mechanistic system, the inhumanity of which seemed to be demonstrated in practice by the horrors of the economic system. The complexities of the situation are immense. Certain artists of the time, precisely because they were not affected by the Romantic predicament, should not be classed as Romantics even though they borrowed from the Romantic vocabulary: *e.g.* Goya and Daumier.

Yet, despite the complexities, this historical definition is the only one that will make any general sense at all. It is confirmed by the fact that after 1860 when the predicament was no longer real because the knowledge and experience with which to overcome it were available, Romanticism degenerated into effete aestheticism. And it is confirmed most strikingly by the work in this exhibition which represents Romanticism at its height: Delacroix's *Massacre at Chios*.

The sub-title of the picture is *A Greek Family Awaiting Death or Slavery*. It is an acknowledged masterpiece and contains brilliant passages of painting. Its political gesture was important and also undoubtedly sincere. But it remains a gesture. It has nothing to do with any true imaginative understanding of either death or slavery. It is a voluptuous charade. The woman tied to the horse is a languorous sex-offering, the rope round her arm like an exotic snake playing with her. The couple in the centre might be lying in a harem. Indeed all the figures (with the possible exception of the old woman) are exotic. They belong to art dreams and literary legends, and have only been placed in an actual context for the sake of being 'ennobled' further by also belonging to an historical tragedy.

Delacroix records how he talked to a traveller just back from Greece and says that on one occasion this man 'was so much impressed by the head of a Turk who appeared on the battlements that he prevented a soldier from shooting at him'. Elsewhere Delacroix raves about a painting by Gros and says, 'you can see the flash of the sabre as it plunges into the enemy's throats'. Such was the romantic view of war: you could stop or start it like a film. It was a sincere view, but it was a compromisingly privileged view. And between the privilege and the reality lay the predicament.

JOHN BERGER

... and so he ran away
from the hostile adult world
into his own little world
in London's Tower Bridge
with only a seagull
as a friend

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Soap and Circuses

THE standards of much television entertainment sink deplorably low in the summer. Not that some of them are ever all that high; but half-an-hour of light rubbish which might have pleased a tolerant and half-attentive Pooter at the end of a pier a couple of generations ago seems intolerable when projected into our homes in 1959.

There are, however, uncovenanted mercies which help to alleviate the long week-ends of noisy nothingness. (It is on Saturdays and Sundays that the programmes are at their worst.) A recent *Sunday Night* on ITV was redeemed by a whole hour of the Moscow State Circus – a whole hour, that is, minus the 6 + minutes of advertising, which illustrated on this occasion, more vividly than usual, one intrinsic and presumably incurable vice of commercial television: whatever the kind of programme, its standard should not be too high, not so much because the requisite mass audience cannot appreciate something of the highest quality (this circus certainly held the millions), as because anything of such quality will show up the commercials for the tawdry, tinny, vile impertinences that they mostly are. But this is to defeat the primary purpose of commercial television, which is not to provide a public service or even public entertainment but to sell more consumer goods; and since it is the sillier viewers who are the more gullible, they must not be given ideas, or glimpses of glory, above their intellectual station.

As I say, this vice, with the dilemma in which it involves advertisers and programme-planners alike, seems incurable. One way to cure it would be to repeal the Television Act; but that is 'not practical politics'. Another way would be to raise the standard of the commercials to that of the best of the programmes; but this would lessen their appeal to the most impressionable viewers. The dilemma is not a constant one, since relatively few programmes are outstanding both as art and as mass-entertainment; but I am glad that it is the advertisers' dilemma, not mine.

A brief alleviation of our summer lot was the *Epilogue* given on ITV for a week by Sir John Wolfenden – refreshingly rational and unpietistic, and delivered in a cool, smooth, pleasant voice that any intelligent producer of commercials would pay any price for. Sir John – whose famous Report has set him, unjustly, alongside Freud and Lady Chatterley and Lolita in the common man's pantheon of twentieth-century sex – also presided at a BBC *Brains Trust* which did not, on the whole, agree with the Primate of Spain's excessive condemnation of hand-holding, dancing, and other innocent manifestations by courting couples.

I cannot think – or rather, I can – what the Primate of Spain would say about the sexual behaviour of English adolescents as displayed in several recent TV programmes. There has been quite a fuss about last week's *Sunday Break*, in which a 19-year-old Oxford undergraduate, Theodora Parfit, advocated (with the most delicious sub-donnish primness) experimental pre-marital intercourse. (In the same programme another middle-class young woman said that it was 'great fun' to be poor when newly-wed; her idea of poverty was 'painting a chest of drawers yourself'.) Far franker was a discussion last month, in *Searchlight*, between Elaine Grand and two urban working-class teenagers, a boy and a girl. Asked by Miss Grand if he expected to marry a virgin, the boy said: 'Well, that's more or less an impossibility . . . Not everybody can marry a virgin, obviously.' Asked about boys' attitude to ex-virgins, the girl said: 'They get it while they've got the chance, and when they've finished with her they call her all the names under the sun' – a summing-up which recalled several songs in *The Beggar's Opera* ('. . . But when once plucked 'tis no longer alluring, To Covent Garden 'tis sent while yet sweet . . .')

All these activities should be greatly assisted by the resourceful lipstick manufacturer who claims, in a current TV commercial, to have devised 'twelve fabuluscious *new* colors'.

TOM DRIBERG

British and Funny

TWO British films try the field of contemporary satire and comedy; the more promising loses, the easier wins. In film-making there are so many slips between cup and lip, what with screenplay, shooting script, shooting, editing, that almost anything can happen after an idea has been fixed on paper. There can be no question that the idea of *The Mouse That Roared* (at the Marble Arch Odeon) was first-rate: a tiny autonomous state in the French Alps, low in funds, decides to invade America, and to receive, as a defeated enemy, all that encouragement and cash which the US pours into defeated countries; unfortunately the platoon in medieval armour, to whom the task is relegated, arrive in New York during an air-raid practice, and succeed in capturing a Q-bomb, successor to the H-bomb, together with its creator, his daughter, and the chief of police who goes out after them. In fact, they win. The Duchy of Grand Fenwick then has the latest thing in atomics and all the world's diplomats on its doorstep – playing, to pass the time, an engrossing dice-game called Diplomacy.

The idea is real Clair, and the script – if not quite Clair – is at least brimful of satire, fun, charm. And yet, as the film comes out, the satire too often fails to bite, the fun is occasional, and the charm almost vanishes. And this despite the emergence of Peter Sellers in three parts, as Grand Duchess, Prime Minister, and oafish cousin in charge of operations. Something – almost everything – has gone between intention and realisation. Blame must fall on the director, Jack Arnold, and the producers, Walter Shenson and Jon Pennington. If these had played their due part, *The Mouse That Roared* might have been notable indeed.

Of course, we are grateful for a number of things: for the whole assumption that the H-bomb can be treated comically and seriously, for the Ruritanian lark, for the *reductio ad absurdum*, for Peter Sellers doing an early Guinness: if only the film itself had come off! What is undeniably heartening is that Open Road Films, operating independently under Columbia, can chance ideas of this status. Next time, let's hope, they will score a bull's eye.

Far lower is the aim of Sidney Gilliat's *Left, Right, and Centre* (Ritz), but after a hesitant beginning it hits the mark every time. Here, a local by-election brings together a Conservative candidate (Ian Carmichael) who has found fame as Arctic explorer on a TV panel, and the Labour representative, a fish-merchant's daughter (Patricia Bredin) from the London School of Economics. They meet in the dining-car going down; they clash; they drive their respective agents mad: fall in love; embrace where they should bespatter; and in a much-recounted poll, the man wins, only to discover that by twenty minutes he has become a peer. The accident that brought this about has been the fall of Alastair Sim, who gives a dazzling performance as Lord Wilcot, a peer turned showman in the entertainment business of Historic Houses. A good deal of the ground here is much trodden; but, thank the lord, it's funny, well timed and not too out of date. In fact, there hasn't been a funnier British film since – when at home did we laugh last? I hardly even remember.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

One to Another, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The first twenty minutes of the new Lyric review are a kind of qualifying test – a ponderous chorus, a tired old bit of slapstick, a love song full of debby *angst* – as who should say, survive this and you will survive anything. But at that point the company gets the Chelsea snuffle out of its voice and settles down to a style of its own. It is not the usual style of intimate review: apart from Miss Beryl Reid's take-off of a certain famous but dilapidated Spanish dancer, the show has no theatrical bitchiness, no topicality, and very little snide wit. It has, instead, Miss Beryl Reid, who is more a comic than a wit, more a music hall star than a B. Lillie. But she is enormously talented. With her odd combination of exuberance, helplessness and warmth she does wonders with low-life parts: as a waitress with a glowing fantasy life, a lady footballer, a char, she is at times positively Dickensian. The high point of the evening comes when she and Miss Sheila Hancock take over as two derelict haunters of all-night cafés. The sketch is brilliant and profoundly disturbing but it is no more intimate review than *Godot*. This goes for the rest of the show: the closer it gets to surrealism, the better it becomes. Patrick Wymark and Tony Tanner have their moments: first in one of N. F. Simpson's Ionesco-like fantasies, then in Harold Pinter's variation on an industrial dispute, a slanging match with the names of machine parts. The elegant Barbara Evans has a good song about something unexpected in the woodshed (*i.e.* wood), and Roddy Maude-Roxby and Joe Melia do what they can with more obvious material. All in all, a good evening's entertainment, provided you can sit out the opening.

A.A.

London Morning, at the Royal Festival Hall

We all have a fund of banal ideas, which we expose or conceal according to our natures. But it is always something of a surprise when experienced, witty artists such as Noel Coward parade their simple-minded dreams in public, without any self-consciousness. The author of *Private Lives* and *Brief Encounter* has written the most unimaginative innocent music and scenario for the Festival Ballet Company's new work, marking their tenth anniversary. So-called typical Londoners hop and skip before Buckingham Palace gates like dummies from Madame Tussaud's. There is a particular sense of falseness about all the hackneyed types: the prostitutes with their business men, the suburban family, the lovey-dovey couple, and the Ronald Searle school girls. How dull it would all be without Jack Carter's capable choreography and the verve of the dancers hardly bears thinking of. There is an umbrella dance that is momentarily charming; there is a pretty woodwind tune for the lovers; otherwise this ballet seems just another form of those shiny, colourful postcards of London scenes that may be bought by visitors at any gift shop. But I always enjoy the brash vitality of the Festival Ballet, and with Vassilie Trunoff as the wild warrior in *Prince Igor*, André Prokovsky as a classical *danseur noble* in *Don Quixote* and John Gilpin, smooth and finished in every role, the company is strong in men. André Prokovsky has become a lively dancer. His face does not go dead as he steers his ballerina back and forth in the formal routine of a classical *pas de deux*, while his technique has become sure and controlled. In fact his *batterie* is the most elegantly flitting that has been seen in London since Serge Golovine's last visit.

A.F.

Land of Smiles, at the Coliseum

The Sadler's Wells Operetta Season continues with a new production by Charles Hickman of Lehar's *The Land of Smiles*. The production is on the customary lavish scale, and will not disappoint anyone who enjoyed the two earlier productions of the season. The able cast is led by Miss Elizabeth Fretwell as Lisa. The operetta was first heard in the Berlin of 1929, and something of the spirit of the time is reflected in the unusual seriousness of its central character, Prince Sou-Chong. Puccini's *Butterfly* and *Turandot* have both left their mark on the score, though an evening of Lehar's pentatonic inventions is rather more than the ear can stand. However, orientalism is once again fashionable in the world of musical comedy, and those who are content with a second Lehar work in the repertoire rather than something by another composer (don't forget Oskar Straus) will welcome this new production.

D.D.

Correspondence

POLITICS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR, – Mr Daly's complaint in your issue of 18 July concerning the lack of political enthusiasm in provincial universities, prompted me to write to you in order to draw attention to the similar and deplorable state of affairs in certain public schools.

I am fortunate enough to go to a public school which combines a high academic standard and considerable sporting prowess with a comparatively friendly and informal atmosphere, i.e. no floggings or faggings of popular fiction. Yet in spite of this the school debating society is in its death throes. Political thought and discussion are in such a sterile and antiquated state that even if one dares to voice even mild criticism or disapproval of the Tory party and its policy (or lack of policy!) you are immediately condemned as a clandestine and militant fellow traveller.

At the last Labour Party Conference at Scarborough I believe Tom Driberg referred to the Tory party philosophy as essentially a 'herrenvolk' philosophy. At that time I was inclined to regard that statement as rash, provocative and untrue. Despite the vehement denial which followed in Tory newspapers, certain statements by a pupil of my form, who professes to support the Tory party, have lead me to the conclusion that there is much truth in Tom Driberg's reference. The particular remark, which stands out in my mind because of its repulsiveness, likened the British working classes to a race of self seeking, selfish cretins. Also trade unionists will be surprised to learn that they are still permanently out of favour, thought of as militant anarchists bent upon the destruction of the 'establishment'. These troglodyte opinions exist in spite of several progressive and impartial magazines and periodicals in the school library.

Finally I would like to add a word of hope to this correspondence. There are a few people in our school, myself included, who support the Labour or Liberal parties. It has often occurred to me that it would be an excellent idea to attempt to form either a 'Kent Schools Left Club 'or a more broadly based 'Radical Club'. In order to further this idea I should be pleased to hear from any school students in Kent (and for that matter school masters) who feel the need for such a group.

COLIN N. MCINTOSH

17 Garden Close
Rough Common
Canterbury

July Books

The Soviet Union and the Middle East

by W.Z.Laqueur

A brilliant analysis by the author of *The Middle East in Transition* and *Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East*. This is an extremely important book on a topic crucial to the West.

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A study of three of the fundamental concepts in the psychology of C. G. Jung. Dr Jacobi compares the role of the symbol in the theories of Jung and Freud.

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BACKGROUND TO TROUBLE

SIR, – The sober truth behind Mr Mallalieu's article is very welcome, and very urgent. In North Kensington it is, as you say, the character of the district much more than the origins of the immigrants that will provide the ingredients of the 'brew for Mosley to sup.'

More street cleaners, more dustbins, more welfare officers, more clubs, more advice bureaus are needed – but these are only palliatives and, even worse, local conditions and local politics do not help to produce even these surface remedies. Unfortunately, North Kensington will never receive the attention which local conditions demand while it is a backwater in borough politics, and a backwater which the local Council will never find it rewarding to explore while there is so much more prestige and so many more immediate results to be won the other side of the Bayswater Road.

It is this which, as much as anything, is responsible for the old decaying houses, overcrowded, ill-maintained with over-priced rooms and no sanitary arrangements, in which Mosley finds his support. The sickness goes back many years before West Indian immigration, but now the West Indians are there, easily identifiable, ready to be blamed as the source of all the district's difficulties.

Your article seems to suggest that there is no real alternative. The fact that there is so much urgency about the problem should be the incentive to its speedy solution. The problem of finding alternative accommodation while rehousing goes on must be faced, if necessary at LCC level. It is not true to say that 'since there is so little industry in the area and so much overcrowding, building new estates there seems doubtful policy.' The present population is not short of employment; they are working on the railways, for which there has always been a labour demand, in North Acton and Willesden where there is so much new industry growing, and in the West End of London itself.

Industrially speaking, and in so far as the number of West Indians in the district is concerned, North Kensington and Brixton do not differ greatly. The difference between them is the effort and drive which have gone into what was a very real problem in Brixton, and in the number of new flats and new houses which have resulted from this drive.

MICHAEL L. HYDLEMAN
North Kensington Liberal Association
98 Ladbroke Grove, W10

APARTHEID IN SPORT

SIR, – The question of colour discrimination in international sport, which was raised recently by your correspondents in connection with the New Zealand All Black team and the Union of South Africa, is one which ought to concern us more often.

We are not (yet) in the position where we need worry about offending the delicate sensibilities of the South Africans by including coloured skins in our international teams, but it has long irritated me that while Australia, New Zealand, India and the West Indies play cricket with each other and with us, South Africa only plays with Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain. There is something particularly nasty about this picking and choosing and while I cannot claim to be among the millions who spend four months every year asking each other if they know the latest score, I am sure I am not alone in thinking it time we stopped playing cricket with the Union until they adopt a more civilized way of life. I believe ostracism to be a very effective deterrent to unpleasant behaviour, but what is perhaps more important than the annoyance and humiliation this would cause to white South Africans is the encouragement and hope it would give to the coloured races there.

Cricket enthusiasts must be one of the largest and most articulate sections of our community. Can they not be persuaded to insist on a boycott of South African cricket – at present, surely, a contradiction in terms!

BARBARA KEW
31 Hillcroft Crescent, W5

SUPPRESSION IN PAKISTAN

SIR, – I am glad that your journal is not allowing the outrageous action of the Pakistan government against Progressive Papers Ltd., and my friend Mian Iftikharuddin, to retire into the obscurity that General Ayub Khan and his associates no doubt wish it to be lost.

The action against Progressive Papers Ltd. is only a single element in the suppression of progressive opinion in Pakistan (another is the continued detention of Maulana Bashani) while the representatives of the Old Guard of Pakistan politics, apart from an occasional show trial of minor figures on corruption charges, remain free and unhampered.

Very little interest in what is going on in this part of the Commonwealth makes its way into print. No doubt it is overshadowed by that other member of the 'club', South Africa, where the issues are clearer and more fashionable.

In the conservative circles of ex-Indian civil servants and army officers, one expects a sentimental approach to Muslim Pakistanis – good fellows; my Pathan orderly; you could trust *them*; and, of course, worshipping only one God. These sentiments, the last perhaps not so often as the others, can be heard wherever such people gather. Finally, General Ayub was at Sandhurst – no more need be said. But even liberal opinion is bewildered. In the same issue of the best of our Sunday newspapers as was reported the move against Progressive Papers, was an article on Pakistan which demonstrated this confusion. Ayub's government is efficient; there really wasn't any democracy in Pakistan anyway; a military regime is better than corrupt politicos; we'd rather have democracy but, well, things are different east of Suez. But, let us be assured, the government has cleared the streets of Karachi of beggars. This last seems to be the most telling factor in favour of the regime. General Ne Win in Burma has also been commended for clearing up Rangoon – the function of an efficient city council. This judgment of military governments by their cleansing departments seems to me on a par with the admiration felt for Mussolini because he made Italian trains run on time.

Surely this is not a time for silence. We are apparently forced to welcome as allies those 'Christian' gentlemen, Dr Salazar and General Franco. This can, possibly, be explained, though not excused, as *Realpolitik*. But the Commonwealth is another matter altogether. If it is to have any moral function at all, its member countries and what they do at home is something of supreme importance to Britain and the other members. With South Africa and Pakistan, it almost seems as if the best step would be for Britain herself to leave the Commonwealth, instead of averting her eyes and accepting threats as kisses in the interests of some irrelevant mystique of a 'transformed' Empire.

MICHAEL EDWARDES
51 Marlborough Place, NW8

HELP FOR THE ARTS

SIR, – It is curious that whenever help for the arts is discussed it is discussed in terms of painting, sculpture, drama, music and architecture, but rarely in terms of poetry, and yet this country has made a greater contribution to the poetry of the world than to any other of the arts – at least as yet. This may be due in part to our sheltering behind the comfortable conviction that 'poets' (unlike sculptors, composers, painters, and dramatists, presumably) 'are born not made'. Poetry possesses no training schools for practitioners, and most teachers of poetry have no practical ability in the composing of even simple academic verse exercises. Moreover, almost all serious attempts to discover ways and means of improving the appreciation of poetry by teaching what might loosely be described as 'techniques of the imagination' are frowned upon by both educationists and practicing writers, except in so far as these apply only to primary education, where, it is felt, they can do 'no harm'.

We have, indeed, reached the situation where the practitioners, secure in the mystique of their craft, are unwilling to contemplate the horde of merely competent craftsmen that such an education might produce, and where the educationists, equally secure in their stronghold of the examination system and the historical attitude, exclude all practitioners from their ranks save those that have, by accident or good fortune, picked up some diploma or degree.

I am not suggesting that one should not sympathise with these people. Nor am I suggesting that Regional Colleges of Poetry should be founded. I am, however, of the opinion that if poetry is to be supported by the community, it must be supported at the school and university level by the introduction of poets into pedagogy and the use of new (and as yet experimental) techniques into the teaching of literature.

This may seem idealistic and ridiculous to many people brought up to believe that poetry is simply the product of wayward inspiration, and possessed by the myth of the Irresponsible Bohemian so sedulously publicised by journalists on the look-out for copy. If education is a matter of inculcating intellectual, moral, and emotional disciplines while also stimulating and awakening sensibility and the sense of personal integrity, however, the practice of poetry must be regarded as an acitvity that could usefully lie at the very heart of humane studies.

This is not the place, perhaps, to sketch out a detailed series of curricula for schools and colleges interested in following this business further. Nor is it the place to quote the results of experiments in this field that have already been made. I would, however, like to make the point that the creation of poetry prizes and poetry book societies, and the organisation of poetry readings must be regarded as only a beginning. The teachers and those who train the teachers are the ones who can really create an appreciative audience for the arts.

There is, of course, another factor. In a capitalist society, enthusiasm can be whipped up for any of the

'An Important Book'

— Philip Toynbee

Freudian View of History

"This is . . . a very important book," writes Philip Toynbee in *The Observer* of Norman O. Brown's LIFE AGAINST DEATH, *The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 30/–). "The excitement of the book lies just in this – that its author feels that he has discovered something new and is determined that we should share his vision . . . I believe . . . that his book is a major contribution to man's study of himself . . . It is the most serious and impressive attempt that I have read to make use of Freudian thought in the widest possible field of human studies."

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arts that stands a chance of paying financial dividends. Poetry is not a paying proposition, and one sometimes has the feeling that even the so-called 'guardians of culture' join Mr Nixon in advising,

'. . . give up verse, my boy,
There's nothing in it.'

ROBIN SKELTON

University of Manchester
Manchester 13

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR, – On Easter Monday more than 25,000 people, many thousands of whom had spent four days on the road from Aldermaston, gathered in Trafalgar Square to show their conviction that Britain should renounce the production and use of nuclear weapons. The impact and implications of the Aldermaston to London march are still reverberating around the British Isles – at union conferences and elsewhere.

From 13 to 19 September, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament plans an even wider demonstration of popular support – a week of rallies, meetings, marches, exhibitions, film shows and pickets, and every possible form of activity throughout the British Isles. Teams of national speakers will tour the country addressing three or four meetings every night. Every relevant film has been booked. Exhibitions are being mass-produced. The week will end with a series of regional rallies in Edinburgh, Tyneside and Teeside, Hull, Blackpool, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol, Bournemouth, Crawley, Colchester and Norwich, and with two big demonstrations on Sunday, 20 September, in Glasgow and London.

We believe that a demonstration of popular support on this scale will have a tremendous impact on the party conferences and on the general election which may follow them. But if we are to be able to proceed with all our plans money is urgently needed. May we appeal, through you, to all your readers who have supported the Campaign over the past 18 months to send as much as they can afford – and more – to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 143 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman
TED BEDFORD
Treasurer

SIR, – For the past ten years I have watched with great interest the development of the anti-nuclear weapon campaign in Great Britain.

I would be very grateful if you would permit me to ask if any of your readers could send to me any old handbills, press cuttings, leaflets, pamphlets or any other literature connected with the attempts to bring the dangers of atomic and nuclear warfare and weapon tests to the notice of the public.

If any reader can give details of the formation of their local Anti-H Bomb campaign, National Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapon Tests, Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament or other similar groups, (e.g. dates of formation and so on) from 1950 up to the present, I would be most grateful.

J. BRADLEY

27 Keynsham House
Woodberry Down, N4

VISITORS TO ENGLAND

SIR, – There are other difficulties besides the immigration officers to deter motorists from coming to Britain. Perhaps, too, Mr Cserenyey failed to notice that this pernicious system has now been emulated by France – but only on the British frontier. The French immigration officers have new grey uniforms and as a novelty also issue immigration cards. This is actually more stupid than the British side, since one may easily enter France from Switzerland by road without even showing a passport. Immigration officers do not delay the average motorist unduly – and, in reply to Mr Fielden, there is one with good manners on the Calais–Dover route – but the delay at Dover is quite unreasonable. Through failure to obtain an immigration card for our six-month-old daughter, we were relegated to the back of the queue for customs and had to wait for over an hour in the sun. On asking whether the delay was always so long, I was told (not too politely) that it was this time less than usual, and that a comparison with Calais was useless, because France was not Britain –a fact which I should have thought was better not emphasised.

The immigration card is only one of the cards and papers required before and during a visit to Britain. The ludicrous system of exchanging one ticket for another (the 'landing ticket') is even more futile; these were lost on the return trip, but no difficulty was encountered on leaving the boat. If they do serve a purpose, why are they not required on the Stranraer-Larne ferry?

That Britain is one of the few countries still requiring carnets for motor vehicles is generally known, but why must everything be written out again on crossing the land frontier into Northern Ireland (ten minutes)? (Incidentally this would seem a good route to evade the immigration officer; we were not even asked for passports in Strabane.) What is the purpose of a international circulation permit for the car? This was also not asked for, but had to be obtained for this one journey, since none of our neighbouring countries asks for it (notwithstanding what the AA reports about Germany).

After this, I should perhaps add that I most heartily agree with Mr Cserenyey about the humiliation one can suffer at the hands of the immigration officers. A foreign wife of a British subject, for instance, may not be permitted to land unless she is travelling with her husband or marriage certificate, despite the appropriate entry in her passport, because 'entries in a foreign passport cannot be accepted'.

A. F. THOMAS

Basle, Switzerland

THIS CENTURY

SIR, – One or two points arise from John Berger's article on the necessity of a work of art to help or encourage men to know and claim their social rights. It certainly must be possible to judge a work of art from an almost infinite number of viewpoints. In this connection, I once overheard a man who had been closely scrutinising the lion in a painting of St Jerome in his study, turn to a companion and say: 'Gladys, 'e's cracken a nut.' Now all pictures are to some extent subject to nut-cracking appreciation. The idea is to concentrate on activities in the painting which play no part in the artist's purpose or accomplishment. So, for Poussin: 'the rationality of a Poussin first gave hope in the context of absolute monarchism' . . . remarkable. Furthermore: 'and later it gave hope in the context of free trade and Whig reforms' . . . this is fine! But what about El Greco, the mystical religious painter who brought together the spirituality of Byzantium and Counter-reformation Spain? In his work also there is 'the fervour of an implied desire for change': particularly perhaps in his great Dream of King Phillip II, which must be choc-à-bloc with references to social rights if you concentrate on the mob of under privileged sinners being swallowed by the Devil in the right foreground. On the strength of Turner's Slave Ship and the Burning of the Houses of Parliament in the Tate's current exhibition of Romantic Art, I hope to hear him acclaimed as the great social realist of the 19th century.

But what has this to do with the secondary contention, and one to which I subscribe, that 'what we take away with us [from a work of art] on the most profound level . . . is the memory of the artist's way of looking at the world'. It will not be memorable if the vision is neither radical, nor personal. The radical visions of Cezanne, Van Gogh and the late Turner, gave few clues to prejudiced spectators of the reality they unmasked. To several painters like myself, the work of Jack Smith at the Whitechapel seemed in no sense to be based on a mystification, but established a new and unforgettable link with the underlying reality of visible appearances.

LIONEL MISKIN

Mevagissey

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Our Paris Correspondent

WHEN will the skies turn grey, heavy and overfed and Stendhal find himself once more among a generation that is indifferent to him? That time has not yet come. The famous lottery ticket has not been cancelled. A collection of the Paris Letters he wrote pseudonymously for the English Reviews between 1821 and 1829 and where he appeared with Lamb, de Quincey, Hazlitt and Landor, was made in France earlier in this century and it now comes out in an English edition for the first time.* It is edited by Geoffrey Strickland, and we are compelled to read it as we have been compelled to read hundreds of letters by Stendhal, his diaries, his books of travel – so often borrowed from other writers – his comments, criticism and journalism. Nothing softens and grows stale like journalism, but Stendhal's is taut and fresh. One does not have to be an academic Beyliste or a leaf-insect of the bookish life to respond to him. He is alive. He is by nature a man of action and, in his petulant and erratic way, he communicates energy. One can imagine a time when the stone-chipping hardness of his mind will seem once more to indicate a lack of poetic sensibility – especially if rhetoric comes back in the pathetic form of poster-propaganda and gaudy emphasis; but that moment has, ironically, been postponed. For though the 'happy few' are engulfed by the happy many, it turns out that the many are made up of innumerable Julien Sorels. Bastard-baiting thrives. Egos are hard. Ambition is harder. Frontier life, displacement, exile, tension, have stimulated the sense of thwarted superiority and Stendhal's humours become Everyman's.

It is, all the same, odd that a writer who wrote so much, who wrote fast on a large number of serious subjects and often carelessly, is rarely a bore. It is odd that the journalist did not kill the coming novelist. Some journalism is a training, a gymnasium rather than the disquisitional armchair. One explanation of Stendhal's survival is that he was always writing for himself – and, perhaps, of himself – first, and then for a very few people. Again, self-education commonly leads to conformity or the acceptance of an established manner; as a writer Stendhal is too exposed a person to have set into a manner or mode of the time. His self-education was a bold if sometimes absurd process of self-construction. He began from an abstract, like the American constitution, without arriving at blandness. His success as a soldier in the Russian campaign, his success as a consul, are due to a pride in efficiency which – when we look at his love-affairs – must have been the comic cause of his private disasters. A biographer might compare the unfortunate agricultural experiments of Stendhal *père* with the son's schematic psychology. One doubts whether his lack of money was the main cause of his defeats, as he often complained. In him conceit and system were paradoxical manifestations of romantic reverie, for what could be more unworldly than his calculations in love, in career, or in politics? His heart was paralysed by strategies so novel and so deep that they have the arbitrary quality of dreams. Regarding himself as a visible construction, he sees everyone else as constructions and, if we translate this into terms of journalism, it means that one *sees* everything he writes and sees it separately and irreverently. Here is a passage of a review of a book by Ségur:

> This army (Napoleon's) was mowed down by the cannon as rapidly as the English armies which you send to Ava or the Cape are wiped out by tropical diseases. The French army submitted to this horrible lottery, and, in return, Napoleon promised them not only the advantage of pillage (that would have been a peccadillo) but licence to murder the citizens on whom they were billeted (the baker in Cassel is one example), to murder the *maire des communes* in France; and to pillage their own wagon train, as they did in Spain in 1809, thus causing the defeat of the French Army. M. Ségur has committed a crime which the army will never forgive him: he has directed the attention of the French to the military leprosy introduced into France by Napoleon.

Stendhal described one element in his own style when he wrote this of one of Benjamin Constant's speeches:

> To complete his triumph, the triumph of the subtlest wit and most adroit strategy which have been seen anywhere for a good many years, M. Constant never once allowed his opponents to interrupt him. They would begin to understand the bitter irony of one sentence, only when the orator was in the middle of the next.

But Gide called the style perpendicular. A sentence does not follow from its predecessor or flow into the next, but is part of the construction of a paragraph. The sudden skids and swerves of Stendhal's mind introduce the accidental, the disparate or the sudden blow; the effect of it is that life is something for the intelligence to reckon with. (His portrait of Byron dwells on the abruptness of Byron's character and he delights in it). We must understand by 'construction' in Stendhal's mind and style, something more like a planned campaign liable to local incidents, than like anything architectural.

Stendhal's journalism – as we find it in Mr Strickland's selection – was written fast to earn his living in what he called the wasted years before the age of forty and before he wrote *Le Rouge et le Noir*. None work harder than those who waste their time in dreams. Is he a good critic? Mr Strickland thinks he is a great critic who was more aware than any other of the crisis through which French civilisation was passing in his time. There he was, indeed, exceptional. I would have said that Stendhal has the characteristics of the artist-critic. He has the great artist's immediate sense of what is spurious and of what has value within his own compass. He is subject to the artist's sweeping rejections and obsessions. He has an artist's malice and sense of persecution. He has the artist's introspective dread of certain tendencies in himself and he projects his own conflicts. Such criticism may be unreliable, but often hits on deep truths about literature, which is seen at the point of emergence from life. Stendhal's continual praise of Béranger seems absurd to us but, as Mr Strickland says, it may have sprung out of the fact that the poems were seized by the police; on the subject of literary freedom, Stendhal was passionate. He was equally passionate about the persecution of Byron in England. He saw the hollowness in the rhetoric of Hugo; he saw through the melodious unction of Chateaubriand. Everything he writes about Sir Walter Scott is penetrating, for although he has been reproached for saying Harriet Wilson wrote better than Scott about love, the answer is that she certainly was equipped to do so. In love, Scott understands mainly the affections and the miseries or mishaps of circumstance. Outside of these, the conversations of his heroes and heroines are like the communiqués issued by statues. Again, about the limits of Lamartine's sensibility, Stendhal is just.

The artist-critic comes out also in Stendhal's preoccupation with the personal character of a writer. In his account of the meetings with Byron, instances of aristocratic behaviour are vividly noted in detail. There is a curious examination of a suspicion that Byron had murdered a woman; and a penetrating note on his conviction of damnation. Character, like politics, is something that requires 'a chemistry'. How much life does a writer need? A poet like Lamartine may ignore the realities of life, but if

> . . . Byron had not been compelled by his pride as an aristocrat to assume at least something of the prevailing good sense of his countrymen, if he had not associated with Douglas Kinnaird, the Hobhouses and others well versed in the realities of political life . . .

he could never have written *Don Juan* or have surpassed Lamartine. He notes the bitterness of *Childe Harold* and also of a comic novel called *M. Le Préfet*, very much to his taste, which was marred by 'impotent hatred'. This last is noted because it is the fury that disorganised Stendhal himself and which his own feeling for energy and the pleasure principle is always fighting to subdue. He hated the sort of realism that makes people abject and servile and which, fundamentally, reduces human beings. One sees the future author of *Lucien Leuwen* in conflict with himself again when he says that politics in literature are like a pistol shot at a concert: '*Le bruit est déchirant sans être énergique*'. That last word is the key to him. Now and then there are instances of the kind of criticism that must be distinguished from critical conversation. The notes on Corneille in *Cinna* are an example of criticism that is studied, text in hand, but the text is used to release the author and not to strangle him. *Cinna* has passages that are the perfect model of the tragic style, Stendhal says, and Shakespeare could not have surpassed the grandeur of the thought but

> we do not acquire an *intimate* knowledge of the characters. Basing our judgment merely on what they say, we are able to form three or four totally distinct impressions of their character.
>
> Is Emilie moved by the sheer love of liberty, by filial piety or by the proud desire not to remain unavenged?
>
> After ten lines, we know one of Shakespeare's characters through and through, a talent that Corneille did not possess or else, seeking to appear noble, was unable to exhibit. It is more probable, however, that he did not possess these gifts, for it was he who reigned over the theatre and established its rules.

Stendhal is a wounded man. Anger, affectation, scorn and – in his journalism – some unscrupulousness can be charged against him. But, in these articles, as lively as when they were first written, the liberal feeling is basic. His 'chemistry' was used to dissolve the ultras, the new despotism, and the dull. He had seen Napoleon turn into a tyrant, surrounded by inferior men, the enemy of freedom and of distinction in the arts. He is far from being a figure who can be invoked on behalf of 'realism' in morals or politics if only because the energetic quality of his nature is romantic and generous. When he is sceptical, cynically violent or ironical, he is not compounding for aristocracy or leaderhood but is heightening a dramatic effect. One must not mistake his egotism for a programme;

* *Selected Journalism*. By STENDHAL. Edited by GEOFFREY STRICKLAND. *Calder* 30*s*.

these passages are constructions made in the interests of psychological intelligence.

Too much must not be made of these Paris Letters. It is enough that they are spirited, hit their mark, and that the sound has not dulled in 140 years. The outstanding impression – and the most important – is that he is a true European, in the European swim. His travels as a soldier, a writer, a lover and an official, his love-hate of France, his naive passion for Italy, his knowledge of England, his restlessness, have made him a self-revealing man in perpetual state of formation because of his exile. Half the pleasure we get from him comes from that. To the advantages of exile and even of disorientation, he is a monument.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Christ in London

(The first section of a longer poem)

To-night
With London's ghost
I walk the streets
As easy as November fog
Among the reeds.
Along the Strand
I heard the lovers say:
Look out for love
And keep the wolves at bay.

To-night
The white birds
Settle on the moon
The roads are black
The buildings flash and burn
At Tyburn tree
I heard the hangman say:
Look out for death
And keep the crowds away.

To-night
The mist lies cold
On London's face
The walls are grief
The souring trees grow tall.
And in Whitehall
I heard the Guardsman say:
Look out for war
And keep the guns for play.

The guns for play
The crowds away
The wolves at bay.
And London's ghost cried out:
Look hard on me.
In every street
I heard his dead voice say:
The skies are green
And all my loves are clay.

PATRICK GALVIN

Himmler's Little Man

Commandant of Auschwitz. By RUDOLF HOESS. Translated by CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Introducing this ghastly autobiography, Lord Russell of Liverpool says that Camp Commandant Rudolf Hoess, who estimated that he had put two million Jews to death at Auschwitz, admits in his book that 'the extermination of the Jews was fundamentally wrong'. But this is what Hoess really says:

I see now that the extermination of the Jews was fundamentally wrong. Precisely because of these mass exterminations, Germany has drawn upon herself the hatred of the entire world. It in no way served the cause of anti-semitism, but on the contrary brought the Jews closer to their ultimate objective.

That is essentially what this fanatical little Nazi had to say when, as he awaited his trial in Cracow prison in 1947, he wrote his own repulsively platitudinous story. What makes it the more appalling is that he does not seem to have been a monster, a sadist, or even an aggressive psychopath. I think, indeed, that there are legions of men like him – I know some myself – who could be conditioned by long imprisonment, by iron discipline, by an occasional pat on the back, and by the total moral exoneration of war, to murder on this scale 'for King and Country'.

Having served a prison sentence for murder under the Weimar Republic, he perhaps saw Hitler as the Discharged Prisoner's White Hope. Himmler soon picked him out from the Nazi rank-and-file, to serve the Fatherland in the growing system of concentration camps. In 1938 he was transferred from Dachau to Sachsenhausen, where, on the first day of the war, SS Obergruppenführer Theodor Eicke addressed the camp staff:

He emphasised that the harsh laws of war now prevailed. Each SS man was now committed body and soul, regardless of the life he had hitherto led. Every order received must be regarded as sacrosanct; and even those which appeared most harsh and severe must be carried out without hesitation. The Reichsführer SS (i.e., Himmler) demanded that every SS man should exhibit an exemplary sense of duty and should be prepared to devote himself to his people and his Fatherland even unto death . . . Only the SS were capable of protecting the National Socialist State from all internal danger.

Hoess was already used to shooting down the helpless in large batches. It had begun with the 'incorrigibles' from the civilian prisons – thieves, sex offenders, perverts. Then came the COs and the Jehovah's Witnesses, the latter greeting their deaths with wild jubilation. Then the Russian political commissars. Then the named hostages. Then the gypsies. Finally, dwarfing all these, the order for the 'extermination of all the Jews in Europe'. Nothing is harder, wrote Hoess, 'than to grit one's teeth and go through with such a thing, coldly, pitilessly, and without mercy'. This was nevertheless his achievement; for 'if the Führer had himself given the order for "the final solution of the Jewish problem", then, for a veteran National Socialist and even more so for an SS officer, there could be no question of considering its merits'. The news that the Jewish population was to be killed off in gas chambers 'set his mind at rest', because he had always 'shuddered at the prospect of carrying out exterminations by shooting when he thought of the vast numbers concerned and of the women and children'.

And through it all, if ever he seemed a little distraught at home, there, living among the perpetual stench from the crematoria, were his devoted wife and children to comfort him.

To get anywhere near a true assessment of this nightmare character, you have to picture him as an unctuous little man who might, in more normal times, be one of thousands waiting daily and indistinguishably with their attaché cases on the suburban station platforms for the 7.45 into Cologne or Berlin (or London, or Paris), or singing round the Christmas tree with their children. This is what is frightening about him. His simple humanity, or such as he ever had, is the most horrifying casualty in war. No one need

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feel constrained to defend or explain him, but his case suggests one comparison above all others. Unlike the pilot who dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima, he knew that his own death was absolutely certain if he refused to do what he was told. 'But let the public continue to regard me,' he says, 'as the bloodthirsty beast, the cruel sadist and the mass murderer; for the masses could never imagine the Commandant of Auschwitz in any other light.' His own apart. the universal tragedy is that he is right.

C. H. ROLPH

Definitions of Culture

Culture in Private and Public Life. By F. R. COWELL. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s.*

It is now generally accepted that the argument about culture is of major importance in our society, since it expresses questions that recent political thinking has tended to exclude, yet that are of central importance in our common life. A necessary part of this general debate is the argument about the meanings of 'culture', as a word and a concept. This argument about definitions, complicated as it necessarily is, serves not only to clarify the practical questions, but also to describe the social and intellectual traditions, expressed in the alternative meanings. between which we have to choose.

There are three general categories of definition: first, the 'ideal', in which culture is a state or process of human perfection, in terms of certain absolute values; second, the 'documentary', in which culture is a body of imaginative and intellectual work in which the highest human values are realised; third, the 'social', in which culture is a particular way of life, expressing certain values not only in art and learning but also in institutions and ordinary behaviour. The interaction of these meanings is now the central argument, but since all the meanings are in fact active in English, it is difficult to say that culture 'cannot' mean any one of them. If we say that culture 'ought to' mean this or that, we are not making the other definitions illegitimate, but expressing, through our chosen definition, a specific valuation in the field to which the meanings refer. Those writers who claim that an opponent's use is illegitimate, because they have discovered the one proper definition, tend to obscure the argument to which the historically-based definitions refer, by disguising their valuations in the 'one true meaning'.

Mr Cowell's book offers a definition of culture, of the 'ideal' kind:

> Culture is that which, being transmitted orally by tradition and objectively through writing and other means of expression, enhances the quality of life with meaning and value by making possible the formulation, progressive realisation, appreciation and the achievement of truth, beauty and moral worth.

This is perfectly reasonable, and the book argues it quite carefully. The major difficulty lies in the definition of 'truth, beauty and moral worth', which are notoriously subject to alternative valuations. Mr Cowell, however, argues that these qualities are absolutes; that there are therefore not alternative cultures but one true culture; and that to realise this can save our civilisation. It is no use trying to pursue this in a review, and I would merely, while asking for Mr Cowell's book to be read, record my own opinion that it is unconvincing.

Quite apart from this central issue, which is a proper subject of difference, there are elements in the book, of naivety, prejudice and misrepresentation, which seriously disfigure it. I can give only brief examples. Of naivety:

> Sorokin, for instance, committed himself in 1937 to the prediction, in clear opposition to all the then current notions about human progress and the obsolescence of wars and violent revolutions, that civilisation was in a very unhealthy state and that war and violence upon an unprecedented scale would be the fate of humanity.

Sorokin is Mr Cowell's hero, and perhaps only this can explain the idea that, in 1937, such a prediction was remarkable. Of prejudice:

> The few vague suggestions that, once the victorious proletariat had cut the throats of everybody outside their ranks, a glorious proletarian culture would arrive. . . .

No comment; I have no razor. And of misrepresentation:

> Alternatives which would leave cultural values out of the reckoning, as Marx did, or would despise them as Engels did, ignore the very force which is able to save the day, and, incidentally, to bankrupt their own mistaken notions. Nothing could be more naive than to assume, as they seemed to assume, that the end and aim of industry is to give 'the workers' fatter pay-packets, and that once that were done, with a few parks of rest and culture thrown in, the problems of life would be solved.

To suppose that this is a reasonable way of presenting the views of Marx and Engels (Joyce and Lawrence get similar treatment) is to demonstrate a standard of reading, and thence of truth, which I should have thought any definition of culture would preclude.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

South Shields Boyhood

Sorrows, Passions and Alarms. By JAMES KIRKUP. *Collins.* 15*s.*

To those of us who live here, South Shields has always seemed a town of marked individuality, a place with a character so much its own that your typical Shieldsman is never really happy anywhere else, and yet we are a restless lot. I have friends who can find their way unerringly round the dock-quarters of Buenos Aires, Darwin or Cape Town, and who are hopelessly lost every time they visit London. We are clannish, too, with an almost tribal passion for genealogy, so that we know immediately, whenever we meet a second cousin, whether our branch of the family speaks to his or not.

Mr Kirkup, a Shieldsman himself, is well aware of our articles of faith, and writes of them respectfully. He is aware too of the savagely industrial backdrop to the town: the pits, Harton and Westoe and St Hilda; the docks, the shipyards and the ships, and the angry pride men have for their jobs. But these, very properly, are not his main concern. He is remembering his childhood, from the age of six to 18, taking up where *An Only Child* left off. He remembers with the devastating accuracy of a Shieldsman, and with an almost Wordsworthian fervour begets the golden time again. He knows all about the cruelty of children to children, but every loving word implies that Heaven lay around him in his infancy, even if he didn't notice it at the time.

And perhaps it did. Shields in the Thirties was, for the working class, a fair sample of economic hell, but to an observant child it offered a kind of wonder I've never experienced since. The open-air market late on Saturday night for instance, with the crowds round the naphtha-lighted stalls roaring for bargains, and the Salvation Army Band blaring in the midst. There were the carnivals, too, kazoo bands and brass bands, decorated floats and the Wild Man from Borneo, street-parties and election nights and the unending river of men flowing into the dole on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Mr Kirkup remembers it all so well that my own childhood leaped at me from every page. On one point only I'm not quite so sure. *Sorrows, Passions and Alarms*, like *An Only Child*, is a sensitive and delicate study. *An Only Child*, however, dealt entirely with his infancy, and responded well to sensitive and delicate treatment. This book covers his boyhood to adolescence, and Shields to a boy in the Thirties was far more passionate, robust and clanging than Mr Kirkup's prose suggests. He writes feelingly, and with tenderness, but perhaps he is too much in love with his subject, so that he makes it all more charming, more self-consciously quaint, than it really was.

Twenty-five years ago, South Shields was a brutal enough town, and the penalties for failure were brutal too: the Guardians, the pawnshop, the rickety child. But oh, the splendour of the Harton Colliery Band, and the banners and the endless ranks of men, blue-serged, white-mufflered, capped, marching to the station on Miners' Gala Day!

JAMES MITCHELL

The Restless Analysts

The Eccentric Design. By MARIUS BEWLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

The Eccentric Design is a lucid analysis of the touchy, difficult, and usually ill-defined theme of the 'American experience' in the classic American novel. Marius Bewley sees it as a prolonged and complex wrangle between two antagonistic principles whose names may change according to the age and the artist, but whose warring natures remain constant. They are known by turns as America and Europe, Democracy and Aristocracy, Progress and Tradition, Money and Manners, Faith and Disillusion, Conformism and Art, Appearance and Reality, Good and Evil, Deprivation and Life. They stalk the imagination of the American novelist, popping out from behind every scene, turning him away from what Trilling called 'the illusions snobbery generates' towards the realities of his isolated self. Because of them, the novelist ceased to be a social observer – there was, after all, little to observe – and turned metaphysician. James called himself 'the restless analyst'.

The idea behind the book, Mr Bewley admits, is based on Trilling's seminal essays on manners in literature. But though both critics maintain the same faintly elegiac note, Mr Bewley goes on to show most powerfully how much the Americans gained from their deprivations. Quite simply, they had to be peculiarly tough to survive. Panoplied in, at best, an unwilling isolation from contemporary values, they could never manage with anything less than the strongest artistic impulse and originality. And then, since their artistic conflicts sooner or later resolved into abstracts, they also needed a prodigious intellectual ability. The result, says Mr Bewley, is that 'America produced several of the greatest novels written in English in the nineteenth century (in *Moby Dick* quite probably the greatest), but no minor novels that we can take very seriously'.

But Mr Bewley is concerned with the major work. He shows brilliantly how from the seemingly impossible tensions emerged a new form of the novel. It was the form of action; not the friction of class on class and temperament on temperament, but a straightforward tale which expanded at every point into intellectual debate. The great American novels are peopled less with characters than with symbols – people events, things which turn at a blink into ideas.

Mr Bewley believes the tensions to be at heart political, a clash between a kind of liberal aristocracy – John Adams and Jefferson - and a hierarchy based squarely on money – Hamilton. He sets out to prove this through the novels of Fenimore Cooper. This first part of the book I found most shaky. The politics, I suppose, has to be rather cursory in a work of literary criticism; even so, Mr Bewley occasionally lets too much proof rest on an apt quotation or two. As for Cooper: Mr Bewley is so tough on other writers, so sensitive to their least vibration, that I kept expecting those long stretches of Cooper's heavy prose to be quoted simply as awful warnings. They were not, and the author's own elegant arguments continually put them in the shade. But immediately he gets on to the Greats, Mr Bewley is superb. He leaves his political machinery alone and the themes and discoveries emerge for themselves: Hawthorne and his worries about the sphere of inner reality; Melville anguished by his sense of a fundamental ambiguity in good and evil; James unsatisfied and often unsatisfying in his polarity between 'life', European and sensuous, and morality, American and rigid. There is also a fine defence of Scott Fitzgerald as the immortaliser of the American dream and awakening, and a quotation from Crèvecoeur that is one of the most moving passages of prose I have ever read.

Mr Bewley's innumerable discoveries and his stringent critical tact dominate the book and make for its originality and importance. The pressure of intelligence and imagination it took to produce the classic American novel has come over, the book proves again and again, to the American critics themselves.

A. ALVAREZ

New Novels

The Nine Guardians. By ROSARIO CASTELLANOS. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Long Pig. By RUSSELL FOREMAN. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Let No Man Write My Epitaph. By WILLARD MOTLEY. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

He Flew By My Side. By ERWIN MORZFELD. *Macdonald.* 16*s.*

The Big X. By HANK SEARLS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Rosario Castellanos is a young Mexican woman writer who combines passionate sensitivity with social history to make an arresting if not altogether satisfactory blend of novel. *The Nine Guardians* is a vivid disorderly chronicle of landowning family life in a remote part of south Mexico during the late Thirties. It was a disturbed period when the local Indian peasantry, stimulated by Cardenas's agrarian reforms and the official current of anti-clericalism, were beginning to kick in their own sullen sporadically violent fashion. They fire Caesar Argüello's sugar plantation at Chactajal, and shoot his bastard nephew, Ernesto, a strange picaresque satyr of a character, disdainful of the Indians and the new threatening regime, resentful of the Argüellos to whom he doesn't quite belong.

After the fire the family moves back to Comitán,

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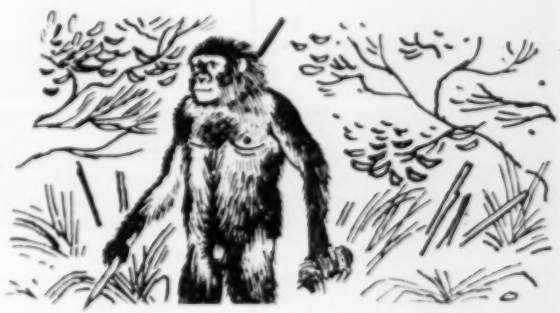

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the little town near the Guatemalan border, where the novel opens. Here the curious interpenetration between Mexican Indian and Spanish Catholic superstitions is neatly illustrated when the little boy, Mario, falls ill and his mother, Señora Argüello more than half believes the Indian nurse's warning that his spirit is being eaten by sorcerers. If only Señora Castellanos had been able to solve her story-telling problem she might have written a masterpiece. Unfortunately she puts most of it into the mouth of the seven-year-old Argüello daughter – herself, presumably – who narrates away in the breathless historic present, like an all-seeing eye. There are occasional monologues by adults and patches with no narrator. The effect is inevitably one of maddening dissociation. Even so, the vividness of the background is most impressive This, you feel, is as near Mexico as you can get in print. And despite the extreme subjectivity, strict impartiality is preserved as between peasants and landowners. Nothing could be more tellingly detached than the laconic account of the odd masculine Aunt Franscisca's brutality to her peasants.

Many people's introduction to man's inhumanity in the Fiji Islands was Ballantyne's *The Coral Island*. Somewhere among those perky castaway capers that would have been so dear to the heart of Baron Pregnitz, Mr Norris's victim, there was a nightmarish episode in which natives launched a new war canoe over the living bodies of prisoners. I am fairly certain there was nothing about the spread of syphilis by sailors, gin by traders, or God and guilt by missionaries; boys' books always followed the flag. But the Fijians did have some deplorable habits. Their culture seems to have contained a strain of degenerate barbarism not found among the idyllic pure Polynesians of Tahiti and the Marquesas. Mr Foreman, an Australian journalist who knows the Pacific, is not unfair to them. *Long Pig*, like the Bounty best-sellers, is based on a true episode: the wreck of the American ship, *Argo*, in 1800 or thereabouts, and the adventures – madness, concupiscence, disease, fights – of her crew. The title is a piece of publisher's drumming, a permissible one, for there is some cannibalism though it is not so important to the story as the blurb suggests.

The characterisation is not very strong but the grip tightens as the narrative focus shifts from the *Argo's* captain to Oliver Slater, the mate, whose love for the Fijian girl, Seyawa, provides the relief from the horrors. The writing is a bit uneven, at its best when rugged and not too epithet-laden. The descriptions of the Fijian landscape and heavy climate are consistently good and the long canoe voyage, which Slater makes with Seyawa and one other man, is done in convincing detail. Within its limitations this is a solid piece of realistic adventure and deserves to sell its film rights. The casting of Seyawa, that natural born Fijian seawoman? Ava Gardner, no doubt.

I find the current American school of sentimental squalorological fiction – Nelson Algren seems to be its leader – deplorably forced and synthetic. *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* is the story of young Nick, son of slightly less young Nick whose electrocution has already been chronicled in *Knock On Any Door*, and Nellie, part-time tart and drug addict. In the slums of Chicago he is protected by a committee of brevet uncles who might almost derive from the novels of the late W. J. Locke. Such plot as there is is provided by Frank the Wolf who keeps Nellie on the dope and tries to make Nick addicted. In squalorological fiction detailed overwritten accounts of drug-taking seems to play the same part as sexual intercourse in straight pornography – surely a new and sinister social symptom.

Two flying novels to finish. One about the last war, the other about getting ready for the next, which will certainly be the war to end warbooks. *He Flew By My Side* traces the careers of two Luftwaffe pilots. Reinhard Torstegge and Henner Hellmig, through flying school to the end, the day before VE Day, serving with a squadron based in the Arctic circle dropping torpedoes on the Northern convoys. Both are average decent fellows. Nothing so nasty as Nazism is ever mentioned. Yet you get the impression that they subscribe to the we-was-robbed, stabbed-in-the-back myth, and not only when Torstegge has it out with the wicked NCO who is pinching the food parcels for the Eastern front. The writing is competent, the mood gloomy.

The Big X is a simple little American man's mag job about a test pilot who flees one of those rocket-like projectiles that have to take off several miles up from the belly of a bomber. Some of the technical part is rather good and the descriptions of flight suggest first-hand observation. The domestic lives of the pilots and their gallant brides are harder to take, but not so hard as the built-in conflict between the test pilot and the psychopathic designing engineer. No organisation, you feel, that permitted such lunacy could ever have got a box kite off the ground, though this may be a dangerously over-optimistic reaction.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Man-Worshippers?

Hellenism: The History of a Civilization. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. *Oxford.* 7s. 6d.

Greek Civilization from the Antigone to Socrates. By ANDRE BONNARD. Translated by A. LYTTON SELLS. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

Dr Toynbee's belated contribution to the Home University Library – for he tells us that Gilbert Murray commissioned it in 1914 – is tremendously good value. Indeed anyone who doesn't lay out three half-crowns for *Hellenism* must be either uninterested in ancient history or else a Cato of anti-Toynbeeism who shudders at the very name. The ordinary man who has done a little history will find over and over again a sudden enlargement of his horizon; as when Dr Toynbee observes that a Greek-speaking commercial-traveller in the first century A.D. could travel undisturbed not merely, as we have glibly said, from Colchester to Alexandria, but on as far again across the philhellene empires of Parthia and Kushan to Taxila and Arikamedu.

A good part of the enjoyment of this book comes from an astonishing lucidity and energy in the art of summary. Dr Toynbee would be immensely readable as writer of historical narrative even if he were not the chief Toynbeeist – that is a provoker of thought about history by writing it as if religion and morals entered into it as firmly as power and economics. Hellenism is, he feels, more than language, geography, common festivals; more even than devotion to the city-state it is the religion of humanism, 'the most whole-hearted and uncompromising practice of man-worship that is on record'. His quest is to trace 'the connection between the Hellenes' worship of man and Hellenism's rise, achievements, breakdown and eventual fall'. For him it was but the fall of a seed, for Hellenism had injected into Judaism and into Buddhism the concept of a man-God, triumphant even in the ninth century when 'Hellene' meant 'heathen' and barbarian.

Everyone will find his own provocation. Mine is chiefly Dr Toynbee's delineation of Rome as a Hellenic power. I know she was called one by Heracleides Ponticus in 390 B.C. But I find unhellenic the Latin language with its evident belief in the value of authoritarian discipline, Roman law and especially the legal power of the father or grandfather, and Roman contempt for speculation which does not lead to practical results. I wonder if the quest for knowledge for its own sake is not closer to the centre of Hellenism than humanism, which Dr Toynbee admits is again the dominant religion of the world?

Socrates, to whom Professor Bonnard devotes a valuable essay, may be counted the greatest of the Hellenes in his influence on later thought and in the impact the living man still makes upon us. His whole life was given, 'in obedience to God's commands' to helping other people to discover the truth that was in them by the play of his intellect, irony and wit upon accepted notions; the discovery to which his driving intelligence tended was, in seven words, that the soul matters more than the body. Was he then a man-worshipper? Dr Toynbee considers that the judicial murder of Socrates was powerful in detaching the allegiance of thinking men from the city-state. Socrates, he hints, was supra-Hellenism disdained by the man-worshipping Hellenism of defeated Athens. Professor Bonnard's addition to the history of Socrates – for after a good deal of talk about the Socratic enigma he brings out the familiar, well-loved figure from the *Apology* of Plato – is an account, clearly inspired by the sufferings of France, of the ambience of defeat. He makes the execution of Socrates seem the ordinary policy of men in distress.

Greek Civilisation is an uneven book. It has some of the best photographs I have ever seen, but they are not referred to in the text. Professor Bonnard writes on several levels. At his lowest, as on Herodotus, he is not much above the 'Fancy that!' of a popular digest. He churns out the good old truths about the humanism of those fifth-century statues which most people who like sculpture find eccentric or disagreeable; and says nothing about the vase-painting (exquisitely illustrated) which people who like drawing find exciting. On the other hand his long and much more intellectually demanding essay on Sophocles is a contribution to the modern view of him as the deepest thinker of the three tragedians. I think it probable that Sophocles like other non-humanist thinkers, believed in 'an awful purity at the heart of the universe' but I am not sure that the Professor helps in the search for it by stating that Oedipus the King is presented as an innocent victim – who killed five strangers in return for a rude word and a push.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,535 **Set by Buzfuz**

'F.O. No. 1 (*the "Selwyn"*). This land-to-land guided missile, using the Eden launcher, has been developed by the Suez Group. It is powered by No. 10 boosts. Persistent efforts to get it permanently fired have proved unsuccessful. Equipped with an American war-head, it is useful at low altitudes. Recently used in kite-flying trials.' Competitors are asked to supply a note, as in a technical handbook, of some other topical weapon which has, or may, come off the drawing-board. 150 words. Entries by 4 August.

Result of No. 1,532 **Set by L. Clarendon**

Now that the hundredth season at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, is under way, com-

petitors are invited to suggest the Bard's comments in a Shakespearean sonnet. They may like to be reminded that *Love's Labours Lost* has just come on as a musical and that the Dryden/Davenant version of *The Tempest* has been showing at the Old Vic.

Report

L. G. Udall's Shakespeare sighed for his lost royalties, Allan M. Laing's for the lines cut from the plays by producers; while Audrey Hutchison's Bard longed to see a performance:

> But in this Welfare State of milk and honey
> No tickets can be had for love or money.

These, P. W. R. Foot, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Gertrude Pitt and R. Kennard Davis are commended. G. J. Blundell takes two guineas for the most 'Shakespearean' entry; a guinea each to the others printed.

Oh, in how many a counterfeiter's den
Hath my scenes' golden coinage been defaced,
And silver lines, ill-used by guilty men,
With lead's adulteration been debased!
How often, altering my music's flow,
Have alien notes disgraced a player's part,
Making of noble worth a worthless show,
And mocking utterances of the heart!
But here, beside the loved walks of my youth,
Honesty and devotion have prevailed.
A hundred years of faithfulness and truth
Dwell in these walls, by falseness never scaled.
So my memorial shall in honour last
When all the painted shows to dust have passed.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Scarce did I think, when penning of my plays,
My poor attempts to copy Nature's truth,
That, in the long posterity of days,
I still would catch the ear of England's youth.
Yet, here in Stratford, hard by Avon's stream,
Where I was born four hundred years ago,
Inspir'd by some divine Midsummer dream,
They play me yet, e'en to the hundredth throw.
And in that London playhouse, call'd Old Vic,
Which Cons and Bayliss nurtur'd unto fame,
They do me honour. And, if they should trick
Me out with tunes, 'tis not for me to blame.
Certes, with rage I am not tempest-tost,
Nor do I judge that their love's labour's lost.

H. A. C. EVANS

It is so long since my poor dust of bones
Knew flesh and blood, and moved upon the stage;
What are a hundred seasons under stones
That load three centuries of mossy age?
I would not write today as once I wrote;
Why should I then complain that you adapt?
I did the same, and oftentimes you quote
Words not of mine, though in my work entrapp'd;
I turned to good account the tales I read,
Formed English verse from old Italian prose;
Dug into Plutarch and dry Holinshed
To raise full many a dewy-petall'd rose;
In one thing only are you sore mistaken:
I wrote mine own plays and those of Bacon.

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

Full many a bold production have I seen
Flatter my name, from sumptuous Tree to OUDS;
Improvers and fantasticks there have been,
Komisarjevsky's hurtling Stratford clouds;
Hamlet in trousers, cubes and darkness set;
Fourth forms, the inharmonious 'musical'.
I thank my Victors I've the groundlings yet:
Though by time's rub mortality befall
And fashion's death be by his knell-change rung,
Flows on the royal traffic of my stage.
By priestly Gielgud, by Olivier's tongue,
Part steel, part flame, comes down the lineage.
They shall have heirs; 'spite change, I serve them still—
Said I not 'As You Like It', 'What You Will'?

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

Over the Border

THE Kemsley Newspaper proposals, after a fortnight of leaks and excitement, were published last weekend. The details are as boring and considerably more complicated than usual, but they provide so handy an illustration of the way in which the City's merchant banks earn their living that they may be worth a column or two's patience.

At some time recently, then, we can assume that Mr Thomson hinted his interest to Lord Kemsley and that Lord Kemsley – he is 75 – for all his love of the *Sunday Times*, made encouraging noises in reply. The Kemsley family owns 40 per cent of the group. Such a holding amounts to virtual control: we can assume that Lord Kemsley, reputedly a man for a bargain, was interested in selling only at a price much higher than the 40s.- odd at which the shares were quoted in the market. Mr Thomson, equally a man for a bargain, might be willing to pay a high price for control, but only for the Kemsley block of shares which carried it. Having taken these initial positions, each goes off to his banker – Lord Kemsley to Helbert Wagg, Mr Thomson to the television bank, the House of Warburg.

The first difficulty must have arisen at once. It is common enough for people who own a controlling block of shares to sell out to a bidder at a special price, leaving other shareholders to fend for themselves. But that kind of cut-throat device would not have helped the reputation of Lord Kemsley, let alone those of Helbert Wagg and Warburg: whatever Kemsley got, his fellow-shareholders must have a chance of getting, even if Mr Thomson was unable or unwilling to offer it to them. The only recourse was to arrange matters in such a way as to get the market price of Kemsley shares sufficiently near that offered to the family for City underwriters to be willing to offer the same price for them.

So far, so good, in theory. But Lord Kemsley, we assume, is out to get two or three times the present price for his holding, and there is no very obvious way of getting the market up to anything like that extent. What about Scottish Television, the company which Mr Thomson virtually owns and which, for all its youth – transmission began in mid-1957 – earns much the same £1½m. profit as Kemsley Newspapers? Throw the two together and there's room to put up dividends and get the share price where we want it. Kemsley Newspapers must take over Scottish Television – there's the outline of a solution. But what is Mr Thomson to be given in return? He will expect not only a decent price for his property but some means of ensuring that he does not lose the benefit of the rise in TV profits he hopes for over the next two or three years.

The orthodox television answer to this sort of puzzle is Deferred stock – stock which gets no dividend at all until the Ordinary shares have got so much and which then gets the lion's share of anything left; if profits continue rising beyond the base level, the holder of Deferred stock can count on getting most of the benefit. Mr Thomson, then, in exchange for Scottish Television, takes the £1m. of cash which Kemsley Newspapers can decently spare and the £300,000 of saleable debenture stock which it is entitled to issue; for the rest, he takes £2m. of a new Deferred stock carrying the same voting rights as the £2.5m. of Ordinary. Together with the Ordinary stock he buys from the Kemsley family at £5, and on which he forecasts a dividend raised from 15 to 30 per cent by next year, this gives him two-thirds of the total votes – rather more than he actually needs. The Kemsley family then arrange to have their fellow-shareholders offered the same terms as themselves: they sacrifice 10s. of their £5 a share – £500,000 all told – and hand it over to their bankers, who then arrange with as many of their regular underwriters as they can rope in to offer 90s. a share to anybody who wants to sell.

Everyone, you will see, is content. The Kemsley family may have got less than they originally hoped for, but they are still getting 90s. a share against a market price at the outset of only about 40s.; other shareholders, much to their surprise, can get the same. Mr Thomson has to pay out £5m. – £1m. of it spread over the next ten years – but he is getting £1.3m. back at once in the form of cash and saleable debentures, and he can recoup the other £3.7m. gradually by selling at a little over 90s. the Ordinary shares he does not need to retain voting control. He pays out no cash, in short, and keeps three-quarters of the benefit to be gained from the future growth of Scottish Television, while acquiring control of the Kemsley Group in exchange for the other quarter.

And the City? The City, or rather the sub-underwriters of the issue, are being paid some 4s. a share for offering to take them at 90s. if called upon to do so. If Ordinary holders decide to stick along with Mr Thomson, the City will get its 4s. for nothing. If, however, they decide that their Ordinary shares have now become Preferred with little immediate growth prospect and that 90s. is a price for them which may not return for some time to come, the City underwriters will earn their commission by being left with a large block of stock. The price, in that case, is likely to be depressed for quite some time to come.

TAURUS

Which side is your bread buttered?

PEOPLE who know which side their bread is buttered are alert and worldly-wise, the wide boys, the go-getters. Presumably we are to picture the others, the dreamy visionaries, gazing bemusedly at the two halves of a sandwich, wondering which side faces which.

But the important thing to note is that we don't for a moment picture the dreamers with no bread at all. Bread is an item of the most saintly and ascetic diet, when its only table companion may be water. Hermits insisted on it, even if stale.

A minimum of worldly wisdom dictates bread. And those latter day anchorites, the scientists, tell us why. Bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and niacin, than any other single food.* So although bread is the cheapest basic food you can get, it is also the best, in terms of food value per penny. See your family gets plenty—good and *fresh*.

* *National Food Survey Committee Report*, 1956 (page 133) *published by H.M.S.O. In* 1956, *bread and flour provided, in the average diet,* 24·7% *of the energy;* 26·3% *of the protein;* 26·9% *of the Vitamin* B_1; 24·2% *of the niacin;* 23% *of the iron.*

Note:—*All flour contains—per* 100 *grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than* 0·24 *milligrams.* Niacin—*not less than* 1·60 *milligrams.* Iron—*not less than* 1.65 *milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The Chess Board

No. 506. Boy Beating Grandmaster

I am not writing of Bobby Fischer, but of an unnamed Israeli schoolboy who in one of my reports is described as 11, in others as slightly older. But there can be no doubt that he mated Reshevsky in nine moves:

(1) P-Q4,Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4,P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3,B-Kt5; (4) P-K3,P-B4; (5) Kt-K2,Q-R4; (6) B-Q2,P-Q4; (7) P-QR3,Kt-B3!; (8) PxB?,KtxKtP!; (9) RxQ??,Kt-Q6 mate.

In fairness to the grandmaster I should add that this was one of 40 games in a simultaneous display and that Reshevsky played very fast. The position is certainly interesting, and when analysing it, grandmaster Bent Larsen was wondering if White may save himself by (9) Q-R4 ch,QxQ; (10) RxQ, Kt-Q6 ch; (11) Q-Q1, KtxBP ch; (12) K-K1; whereupon Black will have to consider whether to take the draw by perpetual or go for a possible (but far from certain) win by (13) . . . KtxKtP ch; (14) K-B2,KtxR; (15) KtxKt,BPxP; (16) KtxP,PxP; (17) BxP,O-O. As for the Israeli schoolboy, when complimented on making the last three moves at 'lightning' speed, he said there was nothing remarkable about it. He happened to know the variation very well, having seen it in some new Russian text-book only a day or two earlier.

When properly concentrated, Reshevsky is, of course, one of the best 'lightning' players in the world. He has to be so as to get through the hair-raising time pressure ordeals he lets himself in for. But then, Sammy hasn't much hair to raise, and he is known to weather such storms with astonishing nonchalance. Here's a case in point, a position which (White against Evans), he reached in the recent USA championship: /r2qr1k1/2ktkt1p1p/bb4p1/1p1p4/1P1Kt1PP1/3BP3/3B2QP/R2Kt1R1K/. Reshevsky had just played P-B4, his 23rd move, and having left himself less than three minutes for his next 17 moves he offered a draw. Banking on his opponent's desperate time shortage even more than on positional considerations, Evans declined the offer; whereupon Sammy set to with a vengeance, playing as fast as his clock commanded and annihilating his opponent like this:

(23). . . BxKt; (24) PxB,Q-B3; (25) Q-B2,P-R3; (26) P-Kt5!,PxP; (27) P-B5!,Kt-B1; (28) Q-Kt3,QxQP; (29) PxP,PxP; (30) QxKt,QxB; (31) Q-B7 ch,K-R1; (32) R-B3,QxR; (33) QxQ.

With seven moves to go Evans didn't resign; but Reshevsky did them in 30 seconds with time to spare.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played R-KB3; Reshevsky's opponent naively pushed his KP for the 'fork'. How was he punished? **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw, are very neat and rather easy for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 August.

A: S. Reshevsky 1951 /2r2rk1/5ppp/pp6/2qlp3/2P2P2/3QP1ktP/5P1/B1R2RK1/.
B: A. S. Selesniev: /7k/8/4K1Rp/6pP/5p1r/24/.
C: Leonid Kubbel: /86B1/1r1P4/8/4K3/8/7b/2k5/.

REPORT on No. 503. Set 4 July

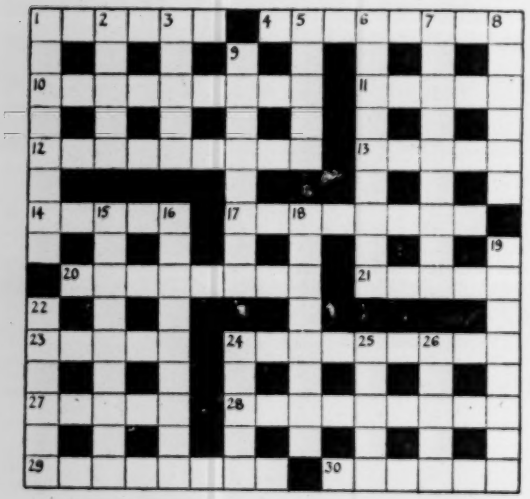
B: (1) P-B6,PxP; (2) Kt-K5!,BxKt; (3) K-K4, followed by (4) K-B5, etc.
If (2) . . . PxKt; (3) K-K4. If (2) . . . P-B4; (3) Kt-Q3 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-Q6 ch, K-Kt4!(KxP?); (2) PxP, B-K3 ch; (3) RxB, R-Kt2!; 4) R-K5 ch, P-Q4; (5) BxP, RxP; (6) B-Kt7 mate.

Many dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. P. Ford, R. Hayward, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword 363

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 363, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 4 August.



ACROSS

1. The coin is spun by me for a living (6).
4. Fate has his scale upset (8).
10. Islanders Saint Paul converted (9).
11. 'Retirement, —— quiet, friendship, books' (Thomson) (5).
12. Cones which show there is only a penny between victory and a beating (9).
13. Animal about which there are lies in games of chance (5).
14. Liberal and conservative members are for the masses (5).
17. The birds have a bit of a race with the footballers (8).
20. Tragic heroine in the chaos of negation (8).
21. Low class letter (5).
23. Mistake when the old man is not finished (5).
24. Estimating when fools give voice (9).
27. Just the place for an English spring (5).
28. The clergyman without relations is a lawgiver (9).
29. To make a team alive it is a question of stars (8).
30. We go in to vote for an MP (6).

DOWN

1. Airport which makes the workless angry (8).
2. Fowl from a river in a tin (5).
3. 'His —— were idly sporting' (Bridges) (5).
5. Second among imitators in parts of churches (5).
6. Distressing work on the farm (9).
7. Plan for the reverse of large prostitutes? (9).
8. God goes in to speak for pay (6).
9. The composer who has to damage his instrument (8).
15. Actress who provides scope for the opposite sex (9).
16. Brass's clerk and Trent's friend (9).
18. Entertainment which makes its appeal certain (8).
19. On edge, for it might be alarming if it crumbled (8).
22. The monstrous female puts an end to advances (6).
24. River on a high mark (5).
25. Sounding crafty on the turn in Ireland (5).
26. Publication for children (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 361

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 361

Rev. C. H. Owen (Stroud)
Dr R. L. Meek (Glasgow, W2)
Rev. A. S. Valle (Bicester)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NEW Lease £220 p.a. incl. c.h., c.h.w. Mod flat SW15. Suit 1/2. F. & F. £100. Box 9839.

HAMPSTEAD nr Finchley Rd Tube. Avail. 1 Sept. Ige pleas. b/s. in flat. Share k. & b. frig., tel., c.h.w. 3 gns. Box 9847.

AVAIL. 8 Aug. 1 mth. Small s/c flat NW3. 6 gns p.w. in advance, incl. tel., gas, elec. frig., c.h., c.h.w. if tenant(s) look(s) after cat. Refs. Box 9764.

SUNNY furnished divan-room, electric kettle and ring, service. Young business woman or student. 45s. MOU 5916.

SWISS Cottage. Furnished double room with own small kitchenette. £4 4s. weekly including light & linen. 'Phone: PRI 3414.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming room & board £4 p.w. Artist's family, occas. baby-sit. Box 9864

HAMPSTEAD. Lovely balcony rm (sgle) overl. garden. Ckg facs basin (c.h.), use bath tel. Super acc. Lady pref. 3 gns. HAM. 7428.

SPACIOUS, inexp. bed-sit. Prof. household. Share of large kit. Re-dec. Daily service. Garden. Central. Box 9868.

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COMFORTABLE single attic room in private home. 45s. PUTney 1659.

TOTTERIDGE, London, N20. Charming 1st floor self-contained flat to let in period house standing in 8 acres of grounds. Double bedroom, 2 living, kitchen, bathroom, garage. Rent approx. £250 p.a. Fixtures, fittings, etc. £375. Box 9856.

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WANTED: Fourth girl to share flat, own rm. £2 10s. p.w. FUL 1674 after 6 p.m.

LARGE single bed-sitter. Finsbury Park. CANonbury 4193.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CHARMING sunny balcony room to let furn. nr East Putney Sta. (District Line). All convs, use kitchen if wanted. Box 9739.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Central, pleasant. Bed & breakfast. Double 30s. Single 17s. 6d. Phone: BAYswater 5985.

SHARE homely flat W9. Much freedom. 'Phone mornings CUNningham 3531.

GROUND floor room available. Kensington. Suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns weekly. Box 9953.

S/C attractive furnished flat in Finchley Rd. Sitting-room, bedroom, kit./dining, bath, w.c., own phone. 7 gns. HAM. 9155.

HAMPSTEAD, in newly converted house; bright contemporary furn. double b/s. room. Concealed cooker, h. & c. £4 10s. SWI. 4739.

NW3. Large bed-sitter, own phone, use of kitchen & bathroom. 2½ gns. Box 9972.

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WELL furn. single bed-sitter. Modern, quiet clean house, c.h.w. HAM. 8698.

FURN. room St John's Wood. Yng prof. woman. Liberal household. Box 9940.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests. Large single room £3. HAM 8109.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board, 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

GIPSY caravan, Wells, Norfolk. Sleep 2. 1–10 August, Sept. 4 gns. Oxford 61792.

FURN. house avail. 4 gns. p.w. long let, 8 gns. p.w. short, minimum one month. Sleep six. Beautiful Sussex village, 4 miles coast. Box 9902.

WICKLOW Mountains. Furn. cottage sleep 4; exquisite views. 2 weeks or more from 15 August. Box 9961.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

YOURS – if you can find me unfurnished flat or rooms Oxford any district – unfurnished flat Primrose Hill, £3 p.w. Box 9980.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG lady (singer) requires small s/c. furn. or unfurn. flat central sit. Will decorate. Reasonable rent please. Box 9887.

IMPOVERISHED young couple desperately need semi-furnished London flat, 2/3 rms from Sept. Will undertake decoration or repairs. Careful tenants. Box 9753.

YOUNG non-business couple BBC man/artist wife, seek quiet furnished flat, accessible. Moderate rent. Box 9513.

CAMBRIDGE University lecturer (woman) requires small furn. s/c. flat in London for 4–6 months, from 1 October. Box 9881.

WEST African graduate from provincial University to read for the Bar reqs s/c. furn. flat in London Notting Hill excepted, end July, beginn. Aug. 4 gns max. Box 9751.

SCOTS doctor undertaking postgraduate course seeks reasonable accommodation London, 19 Sept.–30 June for self and wife. Box 9970.

CANADIAN girl seeks room, cooking facs. London, pref. NW3, August. Box 9741.

TEACHER reqs large self-contd furnished flat for three. North London area. Box 9845.

BUSINESS-woman reqs furn bed-sitting-room, pref. SW London. Box 9991.

YOUNG University lecturer and wife, expecting child in October, urgently require part/unfurn. flat, at reasonable rent, in NW London area. Box 9942.

CANADIAN couple, pianist, graduate student, req. accom. London about 15 Sept. Pref. use of piano. Box 9924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SHAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

ROOM at the Bottom; East West Trade; Assault by the Police. 'Labour Research'. 9d. (11d. p.f.) 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

POSTURE, Habit & Health. An Introduction to the Alexander Technique by Eric de Peyer. Price 1s. 2d. (incl. postage) from Secretary, 7 Wellington Square, SW3.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt. Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

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ROY Wood Sellars; research student urgently reqs all the published works of this American philosopher. State price. Also wanted Pannekoek's 'Lenin'. Box 9796.

JOHN O' London's Weekly is coming back. Complete book news and the arts. Write for subscription details to: Queen's House, Leicester Square, London, WC2.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. The successful applicant will be required to teach Chinese language and history. A knowledge of Japanese will be an additional qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 1 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship and Senior Tutorships in Psychology. Applications are invited for one position of Lecturer and for two positions of Senior Tutor in Psychology. The Senior Tutors will spend a substantial part of their time in the organisation and supervision of group practical and tutorial work in the First and Second Year Courses, but will have some opportunity for teaching in other courses. The salary which for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £2,100 per annum, and for a Senior Tutor within the range £A1 500 x 90 – £A1,770 per annum, will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In addition, in each case, cost of living adjustment will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. In the case of the Lectureship, under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 29 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lectureship in Accountancy. Applications are invited for the above post. The salary is £1,315 per annum, rising to £1,615 per annum by three annual increments. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. In the case of a person appointed from overseas, salary will be paid as from date of sailing. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 24 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Research Assistant in Zoology. A personal research assistant (man or woman) is required for three years from 1 October, 1959, to assist Professor T. A. Stephenson, FRS, with the completion of a book on the seashore ecology of the world. The work chiefly involves making and correlating abstracts from published books and papers. Ability to make diagrams and plot tidal data would be an advantage. The person appointed will have opportunities of improving his qualifications for future employment. A salary up to £750 – 800 – 850 can be paid to a suitably qualified person. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, as soon as possible. Further information will be sent if desired.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Commerce, at a salary on the scale £700 x £50 – £850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, or £900 x £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) x £75 – £1,650 a year for a Lecturer. The appointment will be for one year only in the first instance. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 14 August, 1959.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Area Child Care Officer at Salisbury. The successful applicant must have had considerable experience in this work and will be required to take charge of the Area Office. Salary on APT II Scale £765 to £880 per annum. Details and forms from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by 10 August, 1959.

USA opportunity Sept.–June min. Anglo-American family, mother social worker, want girl domestic helper. MAIda Vale 8943.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant (British subject). Topical Talks Unit, Arabic Service. Duties include writing and editing day-to-day topical and general talks for translation and broadcasting in Arabic Service programmes. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge international affairs and home politics, proved ability to write fluently and concisely and to think and work quickly under pressure in context of fluid and complicated political situation. Special knowledge of Arab countries and Middle East, residence or travel in the area and previous experience of writing on affairs in this field a considerable advantage. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1193 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BRISTOL (near). Kingswood Training and Classifying Schools, Kennard Road, Kingswood. Principal: R. H. Adams, MA, BSc. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Caseworker of either sex required for work in the Training School for emotionally disturbed Approved School boys aged 13 to 17 years, who are in residence for an average period of about 18 months. Staff includes visiting Psychiatrist, resident Clinical Psychologist, another Social Caseworker, housemasters and housemothers, schoolmasters and vocational training instructors. The person appointed should be qualified to undertake therapeutic interviews with parents and boys, both at School and in their own homes. Scope for Group work. Salary – Psychiatric Social Worker – Grade (a) of the PTA Circular No. 67 which at present, is £610 x £25 (7) – £785 x £30 (2) – £845. Other Social Workers PTA Circular No. 68 applies, at present £515 x £20 (6) – £635 x £25 (4) – £735 and after 3 years by two increments of £25 to £785. (For a Social Worker with certain academic qualifications in Social Science the point of commencement on this scale will be adjusted according to qualifications, irrespective of age.) The minima of the above scales are abated by £20 for each year or part of a year below the age of 27. Residence within the School is not essential but a small self-contained single flat is available if required. Application form on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope.

BOROUGH of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the post of Club Leader to the South Lowestoft Youth Club. Membership: approx. 100. Adequate premises. Salary according to Burnham Scale for teachers in Primary and Secondary Schools. Full particulars and application forms (returnable within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement) can be obtained from: The Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 49 High Street, Lowestoft.

SOUTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited from honours graduates in psychology for three posts as Psychologists undertaking a two-year training course in Clinical Psychology. The trainees will be required to take the course for the University of London Academic Post-graduate Diploma in Psychology (Abnormal Psychology) at the Institute of Psychiatry (session 1959–1960), followed by a year's in-service training in different institutions within the Region. Persons who have already had a formal training in Clinical Psychology will be eligible to apply and will not be required to take the London University Course. Successful candidates will be required to sign a contract to serve within the Region for at least two years after completion of their training period. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council PTA Circular No. 39, as amended from time to time. (Present salary £580 p.a., plus London allowance). Applications giving full personal data, and details of training, qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Secretary, South West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 40 Eastbourne Terrace London, W2, by 31 July, 1959.

CITY of Birmingham Public Health Department. Psychiatric Social & Family Care Service. Vacancies exist for trained social caseworkers in the above service. The work includes mental health community care and work with problem families. Salary scale APT I (£630 – £785) or APT 2 (£765–£880) according to qualifications and experience. Minimum qualification: Certificate or Diploma in Social Science. Preference will be given to candidates with mental health or generic training. Medical examination. Superannuation scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be addressed to arrive not later than 1 August, 1959.

PSYCHOLOGIST required for one session per week, in the first instance, to assist in the Cerebral Palsy Unit at The Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond Street, London, WC1. Honours Degree in Psychology and post-graduate training essential. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Application Forms obtainable from the House Governor.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Applications and enquiries to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

NURSE (fully qualified) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, London. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 9808.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association, South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser in West Devon. Applicants should be Honours Graduates in History, Literature or other subjects appropriate to Adult Education. Salary scale £650 by £50 to £1,200. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Superannuation scheme. Further details and application forms from the District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Square, Plymouth.

PART-time Adult Tutors. The Education Committee of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society is seeking to develop its adult educational work and wishes to add to its panel of part-time (afternoon and evening) teachers, people who are competent to teach social, economic and co-operative subjects. Where appropriate the work is undertaken with a statutory or responsible body, and the usual fees are paid. Further information and application forms are available from the RACS Education Department, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, SE10.

SECOND chance of liberal education and responsible careers for women over 20. One-year residential course in history, economics, literature, etc for personal development or as preparation for professional training. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants still available but apply promptly to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

PART-time (approx. 1 to 5) qualified Grammar School Master with experience in general subjects required. Apply Headmaster, Pardes House School, 181 West Heath Road, NW3.

MARKET Research executive required by small but expanding marketing consultants. Applicants, who should have a degree in Economics or statistics and some experience of survey work will be responsible for all aspects of both consumer and industrial market research. Prospects are exceptionally good for an energetic and intelligent person who is prepared to work hard. Starting salary £1,000 p.a. Write with full details of education and experience to Box 9897.

MARIONETTE Theatre requires keen energetic actress/manipulator. Willing travel. Apply to Box 9874.

YOUNG man wanted to handle advertising and assist production for general book publisher. Experience essential. Box 9879.

WRITER (30s, theatre, TV) seeks young man as secretary/companion. Box 9938

GENERAL Secretary for Advtg Novelties Co: Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd, N7. GUL 4877.

SECRETARY, 35/40, highly qualified fluent French and French shorthand, fair German, for responsible post in Channel Islands. Salary £60 per month. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

FULLY experienced lady book-keeper typist required by organisation doing moral and social work. Total abstainer preferred. Write giving details, salary required, to Box 9849.

TEMPORARY Secretaries and Shorthand Typists! Join the staff of London's leading employment agency for a week or longer and enjoy the highest ever rates plus paid holidays, bonuses and allowances. Choose your hours, and your area, too! Call or write Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, London, W1, or 79 Gresham Street, London, EC2.

JUNIOR copy typist required for small friendly office. Intelligence and interest in Labour movement more important than speed or experience. TU rates. Box 9871.

PART-time secretary with good speeds, willing to teach shorthand and typewriting, wanted by West End school. Knowledge French an advantage. Box 9750.

PART-TIME Book-keeper/typist, PAYE, required for small West End secretarial bureau. Good salary. Box 9957.

WEST Side or East Side, your story will be happier if you get your job through Winifred Johnson Secretarial Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL 0390.

STELLA Fisher Bureau requires temporary typist. Please call 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn). TEM 6644.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell St. London, WC1. Tel. MUS 7379.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS 7379.

SEC/sh/typs. Temp. Ton sals. MAY 6336. Savoy Agy, 487 Oxford St. London. W1

UNMARRIED mum or similar with own child wanted as housekeeper for man, 2 boys (11, 5), North London flat. Box 9941.

RES. cook-housekeeper, over 35, able manage independently. Gd pay. SWI 4732.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary, graduate, 12 years present post, interested in people, used confidential work, wants part-time work Sept. Temp/perm. Good holidays essential owing domestic responsibilities. Remuneration secondary to interest. Mid-Herts area. Box 9797.

WOMAN of character and intelligence (30) with varied business experience but weary of desk work, seeks really interesting job. Has Central London flat but will go anywhere. Box 9927.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MALE sh./typist, grad., 32, clerical exp., knowledge French sks part-time job after 6.30 p.m. Mon.–Fri., any time Sat./Sun. Box 9955.

MAN (34) Ex-Public School, seeks interesting employment home or abroad. Varied experience. Box 9912.

INTELLIGENT woman, 42, good plain cook and needlewoman, fond of housekeeping, needlework, reading & conversation, sks post as companion-housekeeper. Box 9775.

AUSTRIAN Housekeeper/Nanny strongly recommended for widowed/divorced man with children. English good, cooking excellent. Available August. Box 9740.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

HOLIDAY VACANCIES

There is still room for you on some of our good value summer and autumn arrangements. Special suggestions:

Balleario Islands. Departures 22 August and 20 September.

Austria: Carinthian Lakeside Parties. Departures 2 & 15 August and 12 & 29 September. Costs from £32.

Painting Holiday in the Tyrol. Departures 2 & 16 August. Cost £29 18s.

Scandinavia. Family holiday in Denmark 16 August. House Party near Stockholm 11 August.

Italian Riviera or Adriatic. Weekly Departures throughout season with a few last minute vacancies.

Switzerland. House Party in the Bernese Oberland. Departures 9 & 23 August.

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7
KEN. 8881–4

STOP Press. Venice – Austrian Lakes. Dep. 17 Aug. 15 days holiday in Carinthia & Venice. 4 vacancies (due cancellation). Sleepers available. £37 15s. T. & P. Forman, 133 Pollards Hill Sth, SW16. (POL 2230).

EDINBURGH. Club flats facing Castle: International House, 127 Princes Street.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay, £53 10s. Colombo £56 10s. Singapore £81 10s. Sydney via Panama £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL 1193.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerlionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LAKES, Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms, Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

CORNWALL, nr Penzance. 2 m/s superb beach. Large Guest House. Open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. Ye Olde Vicarage, St Hilary, Goldsithney, Penzance, Cornwall.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. 1 Aug. 12 gns, 8 Aug. 10½ gns.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley, 8 gns p.w. Vacancies from 25 July–21 Sept. 'Steanbridge', nr Stroud, Glos.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Brochure and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

WEEKENDS, comf. homely acc. 16s. p.d. 3 Maltings Cotts., Debden, Saffron Walden.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

MAJORCA. Modern accommodation, 200 yards beach. Available August/September at Arenal. 17s. 6d. per person per day. Full board, double rooms. YTC Universal Ltd, 62 Hope St, Liverpool.

SCHOOLS

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. Independent co-educational to Univ. entrance. Increased accommodation for girls soon available. Well-staffed for both Science and Arts. Unusual facilities for Music, Pottery, Wood and Metal work. Junior Dept. 8–11. Scholarships available occas., one now, max. value £150 for intelligent girl. Headmaster: Kenneth C. Barnes.

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept.) Open all the year round for children 2½–5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.–6.30 p.m. Mon.–Fri. For further particulars Tel: Principal MOU. 0956.

The Chess Board

No. 506. Boy Beating Grandmaster

I am not writing of Bobby Fischer, but of an unnamed Israeli schoolboy who in one of my reports is described as 11, in others as slightly older. But there can be no doubt that he mated Reshevsky in nine moves:

(1) P-Q4,Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4,P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3,B-Kt5; (4) P-K3,P-B4; (5) Kt-K2,Q-R4; (6) B-Q2,P-Q4; (7) P-QR3,Kt-B3!; (8) PxB?,KtxKtP!; (9) RxQ??,Kt-Q6 mate.

In fairness to the grandmaster I should add that this was one of 40 games in a simultaneous display and that Reshevsky played very fast. The position is certainly interesting, and when analysing it, grandmaster Bent Larsen was wondering if White may save himself by (9) Q-R4 ch,QxQ; (10) RxQ, Kt-Q6 ch; (11) Q-Q1, KtxBP ch; (12) K-K1; whereupon Black will have to consider whether to take the draw by perpetual or go for a possible (but far from certain) win by (13) . . . KtxKtP ch; (14) K-B2,KtxR; (15) KtxKt,BPxP; (16) KtxP,PxP; (17) BxP,O-O. As for the Israeli schoolboy, when complimented on making the last three moves at 'lightning' speed, he said there was nothing remarkable about it. He happened to know the variation very well, having seen it in some new Russian text-book only a day or two earlier.

When properly concentrated, Reshevsky is, of course, one of the best 'lightning' players in the world. He has to be so as to get through the hair-raising time pressure ordeals he lets himself in for. But then, Sammy hasn't much hair to raise, and he is known to weather such storms with astonishing nonchalance. Here's a case in point, a position which (White against Evans), he reached in the recent USA championship: /r2qr1k1/2ktkt!p1p/bb4p1/1p1p4/1P1Kt1PP1/3BP3/3B2QP/R2Kt1R1K/. Reshevsky had just played P-B4, his 23rd move, and having left himself less than three minutes for his next 17 moves he offered a draw. Banking on his opponent's desperate time shortage even more than on positional considerations, Evans declined the offer; whereupon Sammy set to with a vengeance, playing as fast as his clock commanded and annihilating his opponent like this:

(23) . . BxKt; (24) PxB,Q-B3; (25) Q-B2,P-R3; (26) P-Kt5!,PxP; (27) P-B5!,Kt-B1; (28) Q-Kt3,QxQP; (29) PxP,PxP; (30) QxKt,QxB; (31) Q-B7 ch,K-R1; (32) R-B3,QxR; (33) QxQ.

With seven moves to go Evans didn't resign; but Reshevsky did them in 30 seconds with time to spare.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played R-KB3; Reshevsky's opponent naively pushed his KP for the 'fork'. How was he punished? **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw, are very neat and rather easy for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 August.

A: S. Reshevsky 1951 /2r2rkl/5ppp/pp6/2qlp3/2P2P2/3QP1ktP/5P1/B1R2RK1/.
B: A. S. Selesniev: /7k/8/4K1Rp/6pP/5p1r/24/.
C: Leonid Kubbel: /86B1/1r1P4/8/4K3/8/7b/2k5/.

REPORT on No. 503. Set 4 July

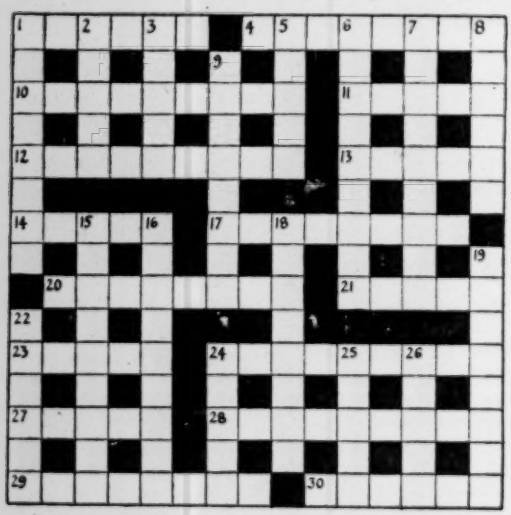
B: (1) P-B6,PxP; (2) Kt-K5!,BxKt; (3) K-K4, followed by (4) K-B5, etc.
If (2) . . . PxKt; (3) K-K4. If (2) . . . P-B4; (3) Kt-Q3 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-Q6 ch, K-Kt4!(KxP?); (2) PxP, B-K3 ch; (3) RxB, R-K(2!; 4) R-K5 ch, P-Q4; (5) BxP, RxP; (6) B-Kt7 mate.

Many dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **C**. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. P. Ford, R. Hayward, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword 363

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 363, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 4 August.



ACROSS

1. The coin is spun by me for a living (6).
4. Fate has his scale upset (8).
10. Islanders Saint Paul converted (9).
11. 'Retirement, ——— quiet, friendship, books' (Thomson) (5).
12. Cones which show there is only a penny between victory and a beating (9).
13. Animal about which there are lies in games of chance (5).
14. Liberal and conservative members are for the masses (5).
17. The birds have a bit of a race with the footballers (8).
20. Tragic heroine in the chaos of negation (8).
21. Low class letter (5).
23. Mistake when the old man is not finished (5).
24. Estimating when fools give voice (9).
27. Just the place for an English spring (5).
28. The clergyman without relations is a lawgiver (9).
29. To make a team alive it is a question of stars (8).
30. We go in to vote for an MP (6).

DOWN

1. Airport which makes the workless angry (8).
2. Fowl from a river in a tin (5).
3. 'His —— were idly sporting' (Bridges) (5).
5. Second among imitators in parts of churches (5).
6. Distressing work on the farm (9).
7. Plan for the reverse of large prostitutes? (9).
8. God goes in to speak for pay (6).
9. The composer who has to damage his instrument (8).
15. Actress who provides scope for the opposite sex (9).
16. Brass's clerk and Trent's friend (9).
18. Entertainment which makes its appeal certain (8).
19. On edge, for it might be alarming if it crumbled (8).
22. The monstrous female puts an end to advances (6).
24. River on a high mark (5).
25. Sounding crafty on the turn in Ireland (5).
26. Publication for children (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 361

P	L	A	I	C	E	■	S	P	I	T	F	I	R	E
E	■	S	■	E	■	P	A	■	I	■	L	■	U	■
R	E	P	E	L	L	E	N	T	■	M	I	L	L	S
U	■	B	■	L	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	T
V	A	N	C	O	U	V	E	R	■	T	O	R	S	O
I	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	N
A	L	L	O	W	■	R	E	M	O	B	O	A	M	■
N	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	A	■	L	■	T	■	E
■	H	U	S	K	I	E	S	T	■	E	S	S	E	X
I	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	P
S	H	E	L	F	■	M	A	R	C	O	P	O	L	O
O	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	I	■	R	■	W	■	R
B	A	T	H	E	■	S	O	C	I	A	L	I	S	T
A	■	E	■	L	■	O	■	K	■	T	■	N	■	E
R	E	S	I	D	I	N	G	■	B	E	G	G	A	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 361

Rev. C. H. Owen (Stroud)
Dr R. L. Meek (Glasgow, W2)
Rev. A. S. Valle (Bicester)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NEW Lease £220 p.a. incl. c.h., c.h.w. Mod flat SW15. Suit 1/2. F. & F. £100. Box 9839.

HAMPSTEAD nr Finchley Rd Tube. Avail. 1 Sept. lge pleas. b/s. in flat. Share k. & b. frig., tel., c.h.w. 3 gns. Box 9847.

AVAIL. 8 Aug. 1 mth. Small s/c flat NW3. 6 gns p.w. in advance, incl. tel., gas, elec. frig., c.h., c.h.w. if tenant(s) look(s) after cat. Refs. Box 9764.

SUNNY furnished divan-room, electric kettle and ring, service. Young business woman or student. 45s. MOU 5916.

SWISS Cottage. Furnished double room with own small kitchenette. £4 4s. weekly including light & linen. 'Phone: PRI 3414.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming room & board £4 p.w. Artist's family, occas. baby-sit. Box 9864

HAMPSTEAD. Lovely balcony rm (sgle) overl. garden. Ckg facs. basin (c.h.), use bath tel. Super acc. Lady pref. 3 gns. HAM. 7428.

SPACIOUS, inexp. bed-sit. Prof. household. Share of large kit. Re-dec. Daily service. Garden. Central. Box 9868.

LARGE single b/s., cooking facs, c.h.w. BAYswater 8661 evgs or weekends.

COMFORTABLE single attic room in private home. 45s. PUTney 1659.

TOTTERIDGE, London, N20. Charming 1st floor self-contained flat to let in period house standing in 8 acres of grounds. Double bedroom, 2 living, kitchen, bathroom, garage. Rent approx. £250 p.a. Fixtures, fittings, etc. £375. Box 9856.

SINGLE Bed-Sit. very nicely furn. in private flat. Use of b. & k. Students. Ideal homely atmosphere. PAD 8140.

WANTED: Fourth girl to share flat, own rm. £2 10s. p.w. FUL 1674 after 6 p.m.

LARGE single bed-sitter. Finsbury Park. CANonbury 4193.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CHARMING sunny balcony room to let furn. nr East Putney Sta. (District Line). All convs, use kitchen if wanted. Box 9739.

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W8. Central, pleasant. Bed & breakfast. Double 30s. Single 17s. 6d. Phone: BAYswater 5985.

SHARE homely flat W9. Much freedom. 'Phone mornings CUNningham 3531.

GROUND floor room available, Kensington. Suitable private consulting room osteopath. Non-resident. 6 gns weekly. Box 9953.

S/C attractive furnished flat in Finchley Rd. Sitting-room, bedroom, kit./dining, bath, w.c., own phone. 7 gns. HAM. 9155.

HAMPSTEAD, in newly converted house; bright contemporary furn. double b/s. room. Concealed cooker, h. & c. £4 10s. SWI. 4739.

NW3. Large bed-sitter, own phone, use of kitchen & bathroom. 2½ gns. Box 9972.

FURN. ultra-mod s/c maisonette-flat, lounge, dble bedrm, kit., bathrm, large balcony. £260 p.a. Muswell Hill. TUD 8404.

WELL furn. single bed-sitter. Modern, quiet clean house, c.h.w. HAM. 8698.

FURN. room St John's Wood. Yng prof. woman. Liberal household. Box 9940.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests. Large single room £3. HAM 8109.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board, 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO 2634.

GIPSY caravan, Wells, Norfolk. Sleep 2. 1–10 August. Sept. 4 gns. Oxford 61792.

FURN. house avail. 4 gns. p.w. long let, 8 gns. p.w. short, minimum one month. Sleep six. Beautiful Sussex village, 4 miles coast. Box 9902.

WICKLOW Mountains. Furn. cottage sleep 4; exquisite views. 2 weeks or more from 15 August. Box 9961.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

YOURS – if you can find me unfurnished flat or rooms Oxford any district – unfurnished flat Primrose Hill, £3 p.w. Box 9980.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG lady (singer) requires small s/c. furn. or unfurn. flat central sit. Will decorate. Reasonable rent please. Box 9887.

IMPOVERISHED young couple desperately need semi-furnished London flat, 2/3 rms from Sept. Will undertake decoration or repairs. Careful tenants. Box 9753.

YOUNG non-business couple BBC man/artist wife, seek quiet furnished flat, accessible. Moderate rent. Box 9513.

CAMBRIDGE University lecturer (woman) requires small furn. s/c. flat in London for 4–6 months, from 1 October. Box 9881.

WEST African graduate from provincial University to read for the Bar reqs s/c. furn. flat in London. Notting Hill excepted, end July, beginn. Aug. 4 gns max. Box 9751.

SCOTS doctor undertaking postgraduate course seeks reasonable accommodation London, 19 Sept.–30 June for self and wife. Box 9970.

CANADIAN girl seeks room, cooking facs. London, pref. NW3, August. Box 9741.

TEACHER reqs large self-contd furnished flat for three. North London area. Box 9845.

BUSINESS-woman reqs furn bed-sitting-room, pref. SW London. Box 9991.

YOUNG University lecturer and wife, expecting child in October, urgently require part/unfurn. flat, at reasonable rent, in NW London area. Box 9942.

CANADIAN couple, pianist, graduate student, req. accom. London about 15 Sept. Pref. use of piano. Box 9924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SHAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

ROOM at the Bottom; East West Trade; Assault by the Police. 'Labour Research', 9d. (11d. p.f.) 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

POSTURE, Habit & Health. An Introduction to the Alexander Technique by Eric de Peyer. Price 1s. 2d. (incl. postage) from Secretary, 7 Wellington Square, SW3.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt. Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

BOOKS on Occultism Mysticism, etc. New and secondhand. Lists 4d. ABS, 30 Denison House, SW1.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books, Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6807.

ROY Wood Sellars; research student urgently reqs all the published works of this American philosopher. State price. Also wanted Pannekoek's 'Lenin'. Box 9796.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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IN THE STRAND

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Oriental Studies. Applications are invited for the above position. The successful applicant will be required to teach Chinese language and history. A knowledge of Japanese will be an additional qualification. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £A2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment, and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 1 September 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship and Senior Tutorships in Psychology. Applications are invited for one position of Lecturer and for two positions of Senior Tutor in Psychology. The Senior Tutors will spend a substantial part of their time in the organisation and supervision of group practical and tutorial work in the First and Second Year Courses, but will have some opportunity for teaching in other courses. The salary which for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 x 90 – £2,100 per annum, and for a Senior Tutor within the range £A1 500 x 90 – £A1,770 per annum, will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In addition, in each case, cost of living adjustment will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. In the case of the Lectureship, under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 29 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lectureship in Accountancy. Applications are invited for the above post. The salary is £1,315 per annum, rising to £1,615 per annum by three annual increments. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. In the case of a person appointed from overseas, salary will be paid as from date of sailing. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 24 August, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Research Assistant in Zoology. A personal research assistant (man or woman) is required for three years from 1 October, 1959, to assist Professor T. A. Stephenson, FRS, with the completion of a book on the seashore ecology of the world. The work chiefly involves making and correlating abstracts from published books and papers. Ability to make diagrams and plot tidal data would be an advantage. The person appointed will have opportunities of improving his qualifications for future employment. A salary up to £750 – 800 – 850 can be paid to a suitably qualified person. Applications, accompanied by the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, as soon as possible. Further information will be sent if desired.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Commerce, at a salary on the scale £700 x £50 – £850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, or £900 x £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) x £75 – £1,650 a year for a Lecturer. The appointment will be for one year only in the first instance. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 14 August, 1959.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Area Child Care Officer at Salisbury. The successful applicant must have had considerable experience in this work and will be required to take charge of the Area Office. Salary on APT II Scale £765 to £880 per annum. Details and forms from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by 10 August, 1959.

USA opportunity Sept.–June min. Anglo-American family, mother social worker, want girl domestic helper. MAIda Vale 8943.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant (British subject) Topical Talks Unit, Arabic Service. Duties include writing and editing day-to-day topical and general talks for translation and broadcasting in Arabic Service programmes. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge international affairs and home politics, proved ability to write fluently and concisely and to think and work quickly under pressure in context of fluid and complicated political situation. Special knowledge of Arab countries and Middle East, residence or travel in the area and previous experience of writing on affairs in this field a considerable advantage. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1193 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BRISTOL (near). Kingswood Training and Classifying Schools, Kennard Road, Kingswood. Principal: R. H. Adams, MA, BSc. Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Caseworker of either sex required for work in the Training School for emotionally disturbed Approved School boys aged 13 to 17 years, who are in residence for an average period of about 18 months. Staff includes visiting Psychiatrist, resident Clinical Psychologist, another Social Caseworker, housemasters and housemothers, schoolmasters and vocational training instructors. The person appointed should be qualified to undertake therapeutic interviews with parents and boys, both at School and in their own homes. Scope for Group work. Salary – Psychiatric Social Worker – Grade (a) of the PTA Circular No. 67 which at present, is £610 x £25 (7) – £785 x £30 (2) – £845. Other Social Workers PTA Circular No. 68 applies, at present £515 x £20 (6) – £635 x £25 (4) – £735 and after 3 years by two increments of £25 to £785. (For a Social Worker with certain academic qualifications in Social Science the point of commencement on this scale will be adjusted according to qualifications, irrespective of age.) The minima of the above scales are abated by £20 for each year or part of a year below the age of 27. Residence within the School is not essential but a small self-contained single flat is available if required. Application form on receipt of a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope.

BOROUGH of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the post of Club Leader to the South Lowestoft Youth Club. Membership: approx. 100. Adequate premises. Salary according to Burnham Scale for teachers in Primary and Secondary Schools. Full particulars and application forms (returnable within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement) can be obtained from: The Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 49 High Street, Lowestoft.

SOUTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited from honours graduates in psychology for three posts as Psychologists undertaking a two-year training course in Clinical Psychology. The trainees will be required to take the course for the University of London Academic Post-graduate Diploma in Psychology (Abnormal Psychology) at the Institute of Psychiatry (session 1959–1960), followed by a year's in-service training in different institutions within the Region. Persons who have already had a formal training in Clinical Psychology will be eligible to apply and will not be required to take the London University Course. Successful candidates will be required to sign a contract to serve within the Region for at least two years after completion of their training period. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council PTA Circular No. 39, as amended from time to time. (Present salary £580 p.a., plus London allowance). Applications giving full personal data, and details of training, qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Secretary, South West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 40 Eastbourne Terrace London, W2, by 31 July, 1959.

CITY of Birmingham Public Health Department. Psychiatric Social & Family Care Service. Vacancies exist for trained social case-workers in the above service. The work includes mental health community care and work with problem familes. Salary scale APT1 (£630 – £785) or APT2 (£765–£880) according to qualifications and experience. Minimum qualification: Certificate or Diploma in Social Science. Preference will be given to candidates with mental health or generic training. Medical examination. Superannuation scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be addressed to arrive not later than 1 August, 1959.

PSYCHOLOGIST required for one session per week, in the first instance, to assist in the Cerebral Palsy Unit at The Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond Street, London, WC1. Honours Degree in Psychology and post-graduate training essential. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Application Forms obtainable from the House Governor.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Department of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Applications and enquiries to the House Governor, The Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

NURSE (fully qualified) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, London. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 9808.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association, South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser in West Devon. Applicants should be Honours Graduates in History, Literature or other subjects appropriate to Adult Education. Salary scale £650 by £50 to £1,200. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Superannuation scheme. Further details and application forms from the District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Square, Plymouth.

PART-time Adult Tutors. The Education Committee of the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society is seeking to develop its adult educational work and wishes to add to its panel of part-time (afternoon and evening) teachers, people who are competent to teach social, economic and co-operative subjects. Where appropriate the work is undertaken with a statutory or responsible body, and the usual fees are paid. Further information and application forms are available from the RACS Education Department, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, SE10.

SECOND chance of liberal education and responsible careers for women over 20. One-year residential course in history, economics, literature, etc for personal development or as preparation for professional training. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants still available but apply promptly to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

PART-time (approx. 1 to 5) qualified Grammar School Master with experience in general subjects required. Apply Headmaster, Pardes House School, 181 West Heath Road, NW3.

MARKET Research executive required by small but expanding marketing consultants. Applicants, who should have a degree in Economics or statistics and some experience of survey work will be responsible for all aspects of both consumer and industrial market research. Prospects are exceptionally good for an energetic and intelligent person who is prepared to work hard. Starting salary £1,000 p.a. Write with full details of education and experience to Box 9897.

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YOUNG man wanted to handle advertising and assist production for general book publisher. Experience essential. Box 9879.

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GENERAL Secretary for Advtg Novelties Co Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd, N7. GUL 4877.

SECRETARY, 35/40, highly qualified fluent French and French shorthand, fair German, for responsible post in Channel Islands. Salary £60 per month. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Secretary, graduate, 12 years present post, interested in people, used confidential work, wants part-time work Sept. Temp/perm. Good holidays essential owing domestic responsibilities. Remuneration secondary to interest. Mid-Herts area. Box 9797.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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